JOHN BULL: OCTOBER 27: 1928 Vol. XLIV. No. 1167

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

A GENUINE MARCONIPHONE

WIRELESS SET on DEFERRED TERMS

No need to wait another day to enjoy the faultless Marconiphone standard of Wireless reproduction. Model 22—world-famous two-valve receiver is reduced in price!—and can be YOURS for £1 DOWN. This small sum will give you immediate possession of this wonderfully efficient Receiver, complete with Marconi valves, High and Low Tension Batteries, Leads, Marconiphone Loud Speaker, royalty paid. You complete the purchase in twelve monthly instalments of 17/3, and all the time you enjoy the full delights of Marconiphone leadership in wireless in your own home.

All Marconiphone Wireless Sets (2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 valves) are obtainable on the Deferred Payment System. No references are required. Enquire from your local Wireless Dealer, or direct from the Marconiphone Co. Ltd. (Dept. P), 210-212 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

FILL IN THE COUPON NOW

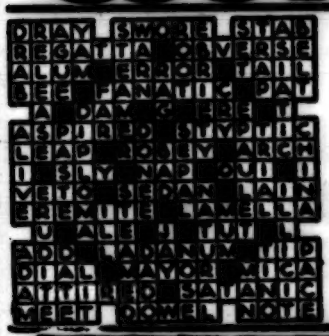
To THE MARCONIPHONE CO. LTD. (Dept. P), 210-212 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1

Please send me without obligation full particulars of Marconiphone Apparatus and Convenient Deferred Payment System.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's Puzzle is on page 40.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women, and Children that relieves Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its relief, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It gives instant relief. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no Fee. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (468A) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (468A,) 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the relief of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write plainly.

JOHN BULL OFFERS YOU THIS 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE!

With the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen (in itself admittedly worth 15/-) we will present to you this 5/6 "Everpointed" Pencil free. You need send 4/- only plus 2d. for postage and six coupons value One Shilling.

Name engraved in gold on the pen—4d.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 5/6 Everpointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (as in 4th ART PANEL), may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and pay 4/- (total including postage and engraving). Pencil only 2d. extra. Name engraved in gold on Pen 6d. extra. Cross cheques/p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib. JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

Fires are being lighted again—stray sparks will be flying—danger from fire is increased a hundredfold. The Fire Fiend is preparing for his winter harvest. We give below the names of a few readers who have received Fire Benefits recently. Have you registered?

LOUTH.—Mrs. J. T. SMITH, South Cockerington.
SHERIVENHAM.—Mr. THOMAS ADAMS, Oxford Sq., Watchfield.
WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Mrs. N. DOYLE, 2, Ladysmith Street. Mrs. D. WILSON, 145, Burbank St.
TOWCESTER.—Mrs. K. ATHERSON, 2, Council Houses, Woodend.
BIRKENHEAD, SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. MCLAUGHLAN, 15, Fairfield Rd.
PAISLEY.—J. CRAIG, 12, Clavering Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — GEO. BARKER, 14, Walbrook Terrace, St. Anthonys.
ERDINGTON, BIRMINGHAM. — Mrs. F. SMITH, 233, Perry Common.
SALTCOATS, AYR.—S. MCGIVERN, 57, Hirst Place.
IPSWICH.—Mrs. E. TALMAN, 9, Vernon Street.
ROCHDALE.—E. UTTLEY, 6, Chadwick Street.
NR. BOLTON.—Mr. S. BRIDGE, 5, Greenside; Ainsworth.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. M. J. Slesser, 26, Corbridge Street.
BEITH, AYRSHIRE.—Mrs. A. Wright, Barrmill.
BUCKIE, BANFFSHIRE.—Mrs. J. COWIE, 35, Yardie.
PAISLEY.—Mrs. L. ROSSI, 56, Canal Street.
LEEDS.—Mrs. L. WILSON, 20, Fenraven Terrace, Meadwood Rd.
DENNY, STIRLINGSHIRE.—Mrs. A. ADAMS, 2, West Borland Rd.
BEDMINSTER, BRISTOL.—Mrs. F. M. FRYER, 4, Parsons Street.
BARNSLEY, YORKS.—Mr. H. LAMB, 79, Colley Crescent, Kendray.
BOSTON, LINCS.—Mrs. M. A. LENOSS, 34, King Street.
PAPWORTH EVERARD, CAMBS. —J. H. BENNETTO.
KILMARNOCK.—Mrs. J. B. MONTGOMERY, 3, South Hamilton Street.
SOUTHPORT.—Mrs. M. BUSSELL, 246, Liverpool Road.
PENCOED, Nr. BRIDGEND.—R. PAGE, 7, Gwalia Road.
JOHNSTONE.—Mrs. L. MCDIARMID, 4, Overton Crescent.
WITTON GILBERT, DURHAM.—Mrs. WHITEHEAD, Front Street.
LANARKSHIRE, BURNBANK.—F. NEWLANDS, 24, Windsor Street.
SCOTSWOOD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. N. SCOTT, 3, "D" Row.
COWES, I.O.W.—Mrs. G. W. WYATT, 72, Pelham Road.
Nr. WHITECHURCH, HANTS.—Mrs. A. SULLEY, Long Parish.
LIVERPOOL.—CHAS. POVEY, 262, Queen's Drive, Stoneycroft.
SWANTON MORLEY, EAST DEREHAM.—Mrs. M. KIRK, Greengate.
HAMMERSMITH, W.6.—H. CURD, 75, Brackenbury Road.
SLOUGH.—Mrs. R. M. HAYNES, 9, South Green, Belgrave Road.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. PRENDERGAST, 7, Tenterden Street.
LANGLEY, DERBY.—Mrs. M. HOLMES, The Yews.

In addition to Fire "John Bull" provides benefits on account of STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS and ACCIDENT, Register on the forms below.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and carrying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. 1.D. 28.10.28.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

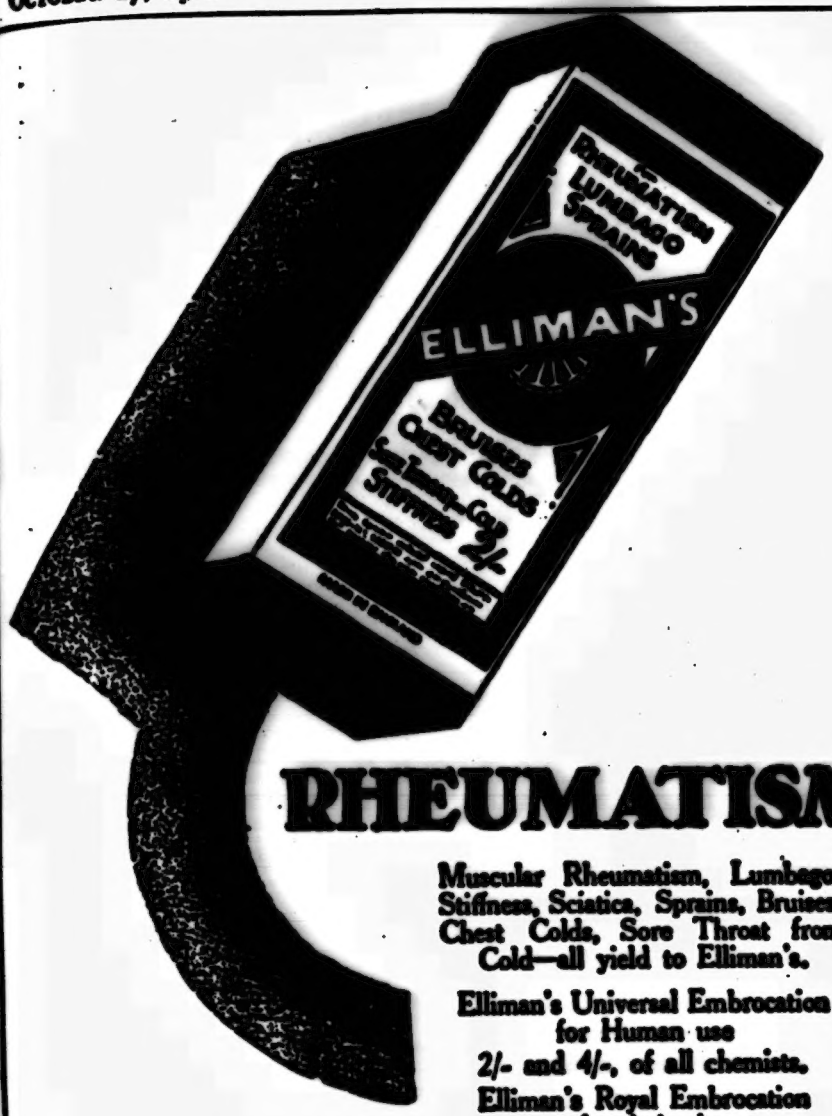
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. 1.D. 28.10.28.



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Muscular Rheumatism, Lumbago, Stiffness, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Chest Colds, Sore Throat from Cold—all yield to Elliman's.

Elliman's Universal Embrocation for Human use
2/- and 4/-, of all chemists.
Elliman's Royal Embrocation for Animals.
1/6, 2/9, and 4/6, of all chemists.

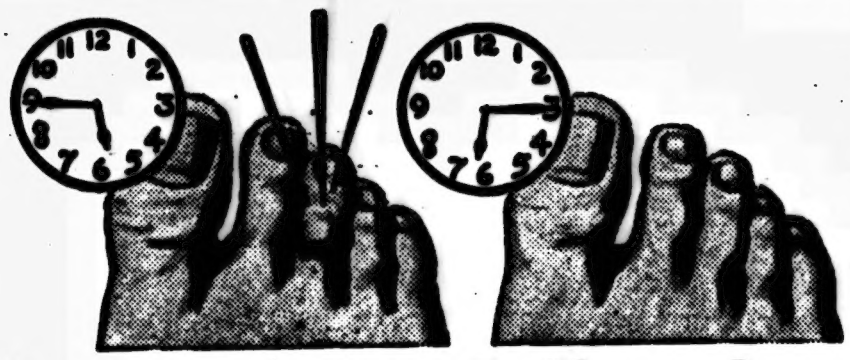
A FREE BOOK ON MASSAGE
A 20-page book on massage, and the use of Elliman's in general, sent free on application, or for 6d. in stamps the R.E.P. — "Rubbing Eases Pain" Handbook of over 200 pages.

ELLIMAN'S

EASES PAIN

ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., LTD., Dept. M, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.
EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."
Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."



Corns gone in half an hour

Corn sufferers! Here's a wonderful difference to painful cutting and plastering and long drawn-out caustics! This lady didn't wait to experiment with her corn; she put her feet straight into a Radox footbath. In half an hour her corn came out, root and all. Read her letter:—

"I have had a nasty corn on the end of my middle toe, which was agony. I soaked my feet in a Radox footbath for half an hour, kept adding hot water as it got cold, and the result was that I pulled my corn out, root and all, which I have had for months and could not get rid of. I cannot tell you how grateful I was to Radox. It may interest you to know that my mother, who is 72 years old, has also had a very bad corn for years. She decided to try Radox, and after four or five bathings, the corn came out, root and all. She says it is lovely to walk about without it. I shall tell all my friends who suffer with foot troubles to try Radox."
12th September, 1928. Mrs. E., Hull.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

1/6 *Half-pound Pink Packet*

Ask for Radox at your chemists, price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."
E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, LTD., 68, DEANSGATE ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

Here's your chance

MY BIG FREE COLOURED CATALOGUE is brimful of high-class Horn, Hornless, Portable, Horizontal and Pedestal Models; in solid oak or mahogany, at the lowest prices or easiest terms ever known. Small deposit secures any Gramophone and your own choice of Records ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. Thousands of testimonials from everywhere. Money refunded if dissatisfied. SEND AT ONCE FOR MY FREE LIST—IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS.

Ideal **O'Brien**

Dept. 34 COVENTRY

Are you a 'PLUS TWO' man?

(See page 4.)

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR COAT AS YOU WEAR IT

Tweeds, Cheviots, Heathers, Mottons and Naps, Made to Measure from 39/6. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 5/- then pay 5/- monthly until you have paid in all **39/6**

Better qualities up to £10 10 0; also from 35/6. DRESS JACKET SUITS from £6 6s. All Made to Measure on similar easy terms.
Write or call for Patterns and Designs. Money returned if unsatisfactory.
Established 1901.

J. B. THORNE & CO.
24, Langham St., London, W.1
NEW CUT MADE: Entire House (1st Floor), St. Martin-le-Grand (opp. G.P.O.).

AMAZING SUCCESS OF THE "INSTANT" WATER HEATER

NEW TYPE Made from **58/9** or 20/- down.
ABSOLUTE SAFETY. No Petrol Fumes. Delicious wonderfully hot water given instantly for your bath at a cost of 1d. only. A real new type water heater for use or all. Write or call at once

SELF ENGINEERING CO., LTD. (Dept. B), Walworth Works, Crampton Street, LONDON, S.E.17
(Trade enquiries invited).

16 GIVEN FREE

TO ALL WHO WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS

SEND NO MONEY
OVERCOAT or SUIT
Just send a P.C. and you receive FREE large choice of Overcoat and Suit Patterns, 120 DIFFERENT STYLES, also our Gift
IN A SENSATIONAL COUPON which can be honestly worth 7/6 to you. Also "EASIEST MONTHLY PAYMENTS" CHART for ordering by post. Perfect fit guaranteed by some of Britain's finest tailors. Write NOW to — (Dept. J.B.)
SMITHS, 393, 395, 397, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11.

EASY TERMS 6 MONTHS

1/- RADIUM WRISTWATCH

1/- DOWN
LUMINOUS DIAL
Just as light by day or night

GENT'S superior, guaranteed wrist watch with strap. Solid 9 plate movement, jewelled compensation balance, detachable cog. Pure nickel (more durable than gold or silver), proof against tarnish, cold, damp, elasticity. 1/- with order, then 2/- weekly (2/6 in all). LADIES' MODEL (fancy dial, not luminous) same terms. (P.) HARD & SON, 14, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1

WITNEY-DOWN BALE

SEND NO MONEY
Write now for FREE details of celebrated WITNEY-DOWN Bale. REAL WITNEY All-Wool Blankets, REAL DOWN Quilt with Down Proofs, White Rosebud Sheets, Pillow Cases and Bolster Case to match, ALL-WOOL CHEVIOT OVERCOATS, REAL WITNEY Down Blankets, ALL Double Bed Size. Packed and Delivered Free on receipt of first payment. 7 Days' Approval. Cash 25 bls. 6s. or 5/- down, balance 5/- monthly. Wonderful value. Satisfaction or money returned.
HEATH & CO., Ltd., (J.B.), 249 Bromford Rd. London E.7.

SUIT or OVERCOAT 1'6 TO MEASURE

Weekly

Made in Derby Tweeds, Worsteds, Whipcords, Serges, etc., or Overcoats in Tweeds, Best Cloths, Naps, Velours, Melton and Cheviot-backs, to your choice. All the finest materials, very latest styles, cut and fit guaranteed, and delivered free within 7 days.

Send for self measure form and free pattern book, stating clearly whether for suit, or overcoat, or both.

Made to measure from 32/6
The "B & C." Co.
(Dept. J.B.),
Universal Buildings,
SOUTHAMPTON

Don't forget cut & fit guaranteed

SPECIAL OFFER CHIMNEY SWEEPING & Drain Cleaning Machines 24/-

Carriage Paid

30 ft. Red Malaca Canes, fitted best brass screws and sockets. 18 inch base chimney brush.
Length: 30 40 50 60 70 8o't.
24/- 30/- 32/- 48/- 50/- 68/-
Carriage Paid

Guaranteed 12 months.

S. TYZACK & SON, Ltd.,
Dept. J.B.11, 341 S, Old St. London, E.C.1

FLOOR COVERING ROLLS. GREAT OFFER

90 sq. ft. for **13/9**

Larger lengths at same rate.

PATTERNS FREE

The great demand enables us to make this big cut in price. The best covering in Damp-proof and Rot proof and suitable for any floor. All rolls 2 yards wide. Send for our illustrated catalogue which contains large selection of LINOS and other household lines. Money returned if not delighted.

ROLLS (of London),
86, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

WEST END TAILORED OVERCOATS

We offer to "John Bull" readers a perfectly tailored and skilfully cut all wool Overcoat, modelled in the new double-breasted style, and lined throughout with best quality titanium. These coats are not the usual ready-made garments, they are the production of our own workshops, and built for wear, style and comfort, at the unusual price of 32/- or 5/- with order, balance in 6 payments. **6/- MONTHLY**

We guarantee that every garment is made by us from the finest possible value in all wool cloths. Write NOW for patterns, IN ALL PRICES, easy measurement chart, and full particulars to Dept. A.

Wallingford's
(of Oxford Street)
71, Oxford Street, W.1.

BIG PROFITS in RE-RUBBERING TYRES

Here is a chance in a life-time to be your own master. Small fortunes are being made by men who have learned the business in a week or so. There has not been a single case of failure among the hundreds who have taken up the famous BELGA Re-Rubbering Process. You can positively guarantee all Belga work, save motorists 50 per cent. per tyre, and make handsome profits from the start.

£30 WILL START YOU!

For this small outlay you can start a one-room, one-man business that will bring in more than your present salary in a few weeks. Send or call NOW for all particulars of this amazing opportunity.

PIKE TYRE & RUBBER CO., LTD.
26a, Barrington Rd., London, S.W.8.

DON'T PAY CASH FOR YOUR CLOTHES

and be dissatisfied. Get them on Credit (no extra charge) from us. We have to give you good quality, otherwise you would not continue to pay us.

Once a Customer—Always a Customer.

PHILLIP'S BROADWAY STORES,
33a, The Broadway, Hammersmith, W.6
'Phone: Riverside 2489.

ONE WEEK ONLY—SURPLUS STOCK

500 Complete BEDDING SETS 500

Cash or C.O.D:
1 pair Heavy White Bordered Blankets, whipped edges, double bed.
1 pair Heavy Twill Bolton Sheets, double bed.
1 pretty Alhambra Quilt, double bed, lovely colours.
1 fine White Cloth Bolster Case, full size.
2 fine White Pillow Cases, full size.
2 Turkish Hand Towels.
All for **20/-** Carr. Paid.

FREE GIFT
Charming Ladies Work Bag with every order 2.
Cash or C.O.D. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.),
ALLUM STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER.

SAMPLES FREE

ASTOUNDING VALUE IN FLOOR COVERING

90 sq. ft. for **15/-**

DAMP PROOF & ROT PROOF.
THICKER than Lino Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 90 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
34, Carter Street, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

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FREEMANS

Celebrated
SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Shoes and Leather Goods, Cloths, Coats, Costumes & Dresses, Carpets, Linos, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Cutlery, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment of good character or Agents. Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.
Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.
NO OUTLAY. ALL TESTED.
Enquiries for Agency invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

EARN £3 A WEEK AT HOME

This is what Mrs. Baldy, of Bedding, does. She says: "I am turning my spare time into money. I knit Socks, Stockings, Vests, Jumpers and Woollens—overflowing with private orders—which bring me in from £2 to £3 weekly."
Her experience and many others are detailed in our book, which explains our plan whereby WE PURCHASE YOUR ENTIRE OUTPUT OF HOSIERY at an agreed price for a period of Three Years.

FREE BOOK

Send on request for 1d. stamp for postage. Send TO-DAY to making money next week.
SOUTH BRITISH MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. 43U.) 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

We offer you the FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE

From **7/6** monthly

Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee stylish well-fitting garments.

TERMS: Our Bargain Prices are for deferred payments. Send a small amount with order, and complete purchase in monthly payments. Fullest approval in your own home. Patterns Post Free. Send post card for styles & patterns cut from the actual cloths. Suits from **50/-**

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

The 'PLUS TWO' man gets 2 more!

(See page 38.)

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (no charge introductions). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The R.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Offices, 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

KNITTERS wanted to Work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—G. B. M. Co., Dept. 189, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

WANTED for Alberta, 40 boys. Splendid openings for right boys with £50 capital. Enquire, Captain Simpson, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHEAP Printing. Billheads 2/6 1,000, Cards, Memos, Handbills, equally cheap. Samples free. Griffin's (Dpt. J.B.), Church Rd., Portsmouth.

CHEAP PRINTING FOR ALL TRADERS — 30 Samples Free. Good quality.—Walker & Co. (Pers.), Ltd., Dept. J.B., Heath Rd., Twickenham.

BUSINESS MEMOS, 10 in. x 8 in. Good Cream Laid Paper, 1,000 13/9, c. pd. Samples free.—C. S. Co., 51, Brixton Road, London.

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"THE EXCHANGE & MART" (2d. every Tuesday) wants every reader of John Bull to accept a Free Copy. Send p.c. now to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

WOOLS.—Enormous sale reductions. Knitting, Hand, Machine. 12 ozs., Rib 10½d., 1/-, 1/6 lb. Rug Guide, 800 samples Free.—Border Wools, 160, New Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

JAY'S for ALL ROUND VALUE
SERVICE AND SECURITY!
JAY'S SEAL OF SECURITY
SHOULD UNFORESEEN ADVERSE TIMES ARISE YOU NEED ASK THE FURNITURE YOU HAVE PAID FOR, SIMPLY GIVE TO A FAIR AND REASONABLE CHARGE FOR USE AND CARRIAGE
- OF GOODS -
RETURNED
JAY'S SEAL OF QUALITY
SHOULD THE CHARGEMEN ARRIVE BUT GIVE YOU EVERY SATISFACTION WE ARE PREPARED TO EXCHANGE SAME FREE OF CHARGE, SUBJECT TO FAIR WEAR AND TEAR, BEING A PROOF OF A REPUTATION, ESTEEM OF TO AFFIX THIS
- SEAL OF -
QUALITY

GUARANTEED FURNITURE ON THE WORLD'S BEST CREDIT TERMS.

JAY'S SUPER SYSTEM

Worth	Monthly	Worth	Monthly
£10	4/-	£100	40/-
20	8/-	250	100/-
50	20/-	500	200/-

THE RED SEAL OF QUALITY is ATTACHED TO EVERY ARTICLE IN JAY'S SHOWROOMS.

WRITE FOR JAY'S BARGAIN BOOK
Save Pounds by sending a Postcard.

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KENTISH TOWN—245, KENTISH TOWN RD., N.W.5.
HAMMERSMITH—129, KING STREET, W.6.
STOKE NEWINGTON—22-26, HIGH STREET, N.16.
379-391, HIGH ST., STRATFORD, LONDON.
HOLBORN—61, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.1.
WHITECHAPEL—222-5, WHITECHAPEL RD., E.1.
WIMBLEDON—41, BROADWAY, S.W.19.
UPPER PARK—362, GREEN STREET, E.13.
CHELSEA—263, FULHAM ROAD, S.W.10.
322, HARROW ROAD, PADDINGTON, W.2.
KING'S CROSS—212, CALEDONIAN ROAD, N.1.
PALMER'S GREEN—23 & 27, GREEN LANES, N.13.
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BOW—BOW ROAD, E.3.
PADDINGTON—219, SHIRLAND ROAD, W.9.
WATFORD—17 & 19, HIGH STREET.
CROYDON—3, LONDON ROAD
BOOTH'S—24, GOLD STREET.

CRICKLEWOOD—148, BROADWAY, N.W.2.
CLAPHAM—59, 61, 63, HIGH STREET, S.W.4.
THORNTON HEATH—59, HIGH STREET.
WOKING—11, THE BROADWAY.
BRIGHTON—127, QUEEN'S ROAD.
WORTHING—15 & 17, ROWLANDS ROAD.
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COVENTRY—4, FLEET STREET.
CARDIFF—23 & 24, ST. MARY STREET.
NEWPORT (MON.)—75, HIGH STREET.
SWANSEA—228, OXFORD STREET.
SWANSEA—24, HIGH STREET.
PLYMOUTH—1 & 2, THE OCTAGON.
GLOUCESTER—60, NORTHGATE STREET.
BRISTOL—21, STOKES CROFT.
BRISTOL—77-79, REDCLIFFE STREET.
WORCESTER—33, BROAD STREET.
CARNARVON—CASTLE SQUARE.
SHREWSBURY—67, HARDOX.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE in the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Prints, Readymades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 49, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME by selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List free.—Cezz, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the 6d. one).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. (Wholesale only.)—Levy Bros., Dept. B., 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Longdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST FIRM FOR HOSIERY, Overalls, Underwear, Drapery, Beginners, etc. Cat. free. Wholesale.—S. MOSCO (Dept. J.B.S), Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

CREDIT TRADERS, Tally People, get our catalogue of quick-selling quality lines. Big profits. London's leading wholesale manufacturing coats and youth's clothiers. Everything guaranteed. Call, write or 'phone. Patterns sent free if you mention John Bull.—A. Sugarbread, 36, Commercial Street, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties, free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

LADIES £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No Outlay. Illu-trated catalogue free. —Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall nr. Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare Time; every kind, good profits. 172-page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

BE A SPARE-TIME AGENT and increase your income. Reliable working men wanted by established Credit Drapery, Footwear and General Merchants. High rate of commission. Liberally supported with samples. No expense. No risk. Head Agency for energetic men.—Write, Dept. J. E. York, Ltd., 53a, Bayham Street, Camden Town, N.W.1.

EITHER SEX can add £2 weekly to income with the "BALMORAL" Sample Book of Xmas Cards and Calendars. The Book, containing the "MELODY MAKER" Calendar, FLOWER SPRAY Cards, Letter Rack, CHEQUE BOOK Novelty and Cards to suit all.—For ENORMOUS PROFITS and Prizes, write, Stewarts, Dept. A., Commercial Mills, Blackburn.

PRIVATE Greeting Cards. LARGEST MANUFACTURERS require Agents; free sample book; delightful novelties, Calendars; REAL FEATHER BIRD. New feature in Cut-out Velour designs; Black Cats and Dogs with glass eyes, detachable SPRAYS OF FLOWERS; Notepapers, Celluloid pocket Calendar, Blotter; GREETING CARDS FOR EVERY TASTE. Most extraordinary book ever published. ENORMOUS PROFITS, prizes for all.—All British Christmas Card Co., Dept. 449, Blackburn.

EITHER SEX can be an Agent for our beautiful PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS and NOVELTIES. Write for copy of Exquisite SPECIAL EDITION of Best Sellers. Marvellous results. Up to 50 per cent. Commission. Nothing published can compare.—Dept. 25, Art Publishers, Ltd., City Works, MANCHESTER.

AGENTS Wanted to Sell the Castle Series of Christmas Cards and Art Calendars. Wonderful Commission. Splendid Prizes.—Apply, Castle Publishing Co., 97, Anchor Court, Preston.

AGENCIES.—10s. in every £ comm. An Agent writes: "I had your book of private Xmas Cards seven days and made £5 profit with no experience." Novelty calendars, jewelled cards, etc.—Dept. 50, The Cleveland Press, 6, 7 and 8, Sycamore Street, Old Street, London, E.C.2.

WANTED, Christmas Card Agents for the renowned "Snowball" series. Book of Exquisite Art, Lucky Cat, Silhouette and Novelty Calendars and Cards free. £3 weekly easily earned. —Minster Press, Preston.

£3 WEEKLY easily earned by selling the Renowned "Mascot" Christmas Cards, Calendars and Novelties. Album that positively talks money supplied free. Huge Commissions. Write to-day.—Thos. Hobkirk & Co., Preston.

SAILORS and Soldiers, make £30 for Christmas with our Wonder Book of Xmas Cards. Commission 10/- in every £1. Costs you nothing.—Write, Dept. 67, The Cleveland Press, 6/8, Sycamore Street, London, E.C.2.

EARN £3 to £5 IN YOUR SPARE TIME BY buying Ladies' Silk Stockings to sell again to your friends in Offices, Factories, Laundries, etc. LARGE PROFITS. Send for wholesale price list. Any quantity supplied.—NICKSON'S, BROADWAY CHAMBERS, HAMMERSMITH, LONDON, W.6.

LOCAL Representatives, part or whole time, wanted, for sale of unique anti-dazzle safety device selling at 12/6. Essential to every motorist. Sells on sight. Thousands of delighted users. Agents now selling up to ten per day. Liberal commission and bonuses to live workers. Earnings £5-£10 per week without effort. Only first-class men need apply, giving references and proposed area, to Anti-Dazzle Screens, Ltd., 280, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one, with fine prospects." This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Trainer of Salesmen, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you by post in your spare time? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to leave a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big profession of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day. —The Wallace Attwood College, 267, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7536).

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write to: Free Book.—IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Grey's Inn Road, Lon.

BEFORE ENROLLING WITH ANY SCHOOL for a course of training in Salesmanship, men are advised to consult Mr. George Brook, F.R.E.S., M.S.M.A., Vocational Counsel and leading Character Analyst in Great Britain for the selection of salesmen. Men lacking the essential qualities can never become successful salesmen, but to men of the right calibre—Salesmanship is a profession rich in opportunities. Before spending any money come and have your Character analysed by Mr. George Brook. FREE CONSULTATIONS to-day from 10 until 6 p.m. —Apply, Salesmanship, Ltd., 7, Southampton Street, High Holborn, W.C.1.

A CHANCE OVERSEAS.—100 BOYS WANTED for Australia and New Zealand—after training October, November, sail December, January. Work guaranteed, outfits provided, assisted passages arranged. 50 YOUNG DOMESTICATED WOMEN WANTED to sail to Australia as "Benalla," January 24, free and assisted passages, work guaranteed. Salvation Army Conducted Parties.—Write or call, Branch Manager, 3, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.4.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers of London and Suburbs, 7/10: Welsh, 3/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free' prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8112.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H., to Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, dates, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Satis. guar'd. Liverpool Pottery, 24, Burslem, Staffs.

KNITTING Wool Bundles, 5/6 for 1¼ lb., Odd Lots, Blue, Grey and Drab Yarns 4/9 lb., all post free. Patts. of serges, tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnette, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

SURPLUS SALE. — 2-ply Black 2/6 lb. Samples stp. of all yarns to Dept. J.B., The Golden Fleece Woollen Co., Liskeard, Corn.

CHEAP CHINA.—Cups, Saucers, Plates, etc., in assrtd. Lots for Shopkeepers, Beginners, etc. Lists free.—" Dept. B.," Bridge Street Pottery, Burslem, Staffs.

SHIRT & Collar 2/6. Chemise embroidered, 1/1. Send 2½d. for bargain catalogue.—Santa Klaus, 46, Rue Turenne, Paris.

KNITTING YARNS. Super-Quality, Hand and Machine.—Write, Shade lists. B. Carter & Wainwright, OTLEY, Yorks.

EVERYTHING FOR WIRELESS on Easy Terms. Complete sets components, loud-speakers, etc., sent by return for very small deposit down. Send postcard for Money-saving Price List.—Wireless Distributing Co., Dept. J.B., Wireless House, Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

THE ALADDIN LAMP advt. on page 41 offers a free booklet which will interest readers.

WILL YOU ACCEPT FREE GIFT OF 7/6? If this offer tempts you, be sure to read the advt of Messrs. Smith's, which appears at top of page opposite. Every reader applying should mention John Bull.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 16 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

DRESS.

BABY'S Unequalled 35-piece Layette, 29/6. Original and best offer. Robes, Gowns, Nighties Vests, Flannels, Barras, Mat, Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins, all new. Genuine bargain. First in quality. Send 2/- for pct. appro. Only address: Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S MARVELLOUS LAYETTE, 30/-. 35 full size pieces; Shawls, Flannels, Woollies, Vests, Coats, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Napkins, numerous other Garments; 2/- down secures this bargain. Balance, Cash or Terms. (No connection with similar offers; original maker since 1920. —Mrs. B. Baker, 31a, Birmingham Road, Southsea.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 35 pieces, 30/-. Cloks, Robes, Robeslips, Gowns, Nighties, Flannels, Woollies, Shawls, Matinee Coats, Napkins, etc. Guaranteed best value obtainable. Send 2/- for parcel on appro. Cash or terms.—Mrs. D. Munton, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S Exquisite Layette, 30/-. No extras. None better. No trifles. Cash or send 2s. now. —Mrs. Harris, Belmont Villa, Wash Common, Newbury.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Rogentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz Sets, Saxophones Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free. Palmer's, 135, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

GRAMOPHONES.—Build own £40 model for 40/-. Instructions 3d. Lists of Gramos, Motors and Parts Free.—B.M. Stores, 308, York Road, S.W.18.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

WANT TO JOIN THE POLICE? Study at home to pass Educational Test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

NEXT FRIDAY! Grand Dairy Show Number of "THE POULTRY WORLD," 4d., with superb coloured plate, coloured cover, £50 cash prize competition and a multitude of attractions. No poultryman must be without it. 5d. by post from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

CANARY KEEPING.—The finest money-making hobby for working men. Start NOW by getting this week's "CAGE BIRDS."—2d. at newsagents. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Eldyard Tablet Co., 24-38, Cropnor, Derby.

DR. POGSON'S OINTMENT. — Wonderful Skin Secret of Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the Skin to purity and comfort, 3/- from Pogson, Halton, Leeds.

MEDICAL RESEARCH Discovery cures Bladder Weakness and Kidney Troubles. Ask for PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY. 3/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw-st., Liverpool. Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

PILES. Why suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No treatment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemist (Dept. J), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately 3d.—Mr Rivers (J.B.48), 40, Lamb's Conduit st., W.C.1

A FREE BOOKLET. "New Light on your Nerves," is offered in the Nonn advt. on page 41. Be sure to mention John Bull when replying.

A FREE SAMPLE of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges is offered on page 40.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds Platinum, Gold, Silver Scrap, Antiques, Dents Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return —Bentley & Co., 353, Oxford Street, London

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Riches cash by return.—Bell's, Paperhead Road, Leeds

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for whly. paymts, inquire, stating size, London Car Co., 52, Theobald's Rd., W.C.1.

PART-WORN MOTOR TYRES FROM 5/- to 35/- EACH. GUARANTEED 5,000 MILES. STATE SIZE.—IMPERIAL RUBBER CO., CAMBRIDGE TCE., CHAPELTOWN ROAD, LEEDS.

MISCELLANEOUS

THIMNELL'S Pills and Powders have cured thousands! Why not you? Send for 64-page book about Herbs & how to use them, 2d., post free. —Thimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Wholesale and Retail Agents wanted.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PASSIONLESS WIFE! A vital article by T. Bowen Partington which will bring understanding to thousands who are now in perplexity.—"HEALTH & STRENGTH," 3d. at newsagents, 4d. by post from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

ARE YOU A "MODERN," daring to enjoy all that the World offers? Then the "MAN" is YOUR Magazine. November issue just out with 16 audacious, smart, slick, complete stories of Life that will delight you! Authors include Gertie Wentworth James, Morley Roberts, Leonora Eyles, and "Valentine." Amazing value for 1/-. At newsagents; 1/2 from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

AGAIN "TOMAHAWK" SCORES! Another winning comp just week '8 home), makes EIGHT successive weeks! Marvellous 28 Big Prize Competition Forecasts! "BOXING, RACING & FOOTBALL," 2d. every Tuesday; 3d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

FREE. Send the coupon in the 'Buy One' cigarette advt. on page 31 for profit-sharing catalogue and five free coupons to start with.

THE Baltonia Gram. Advt. which usually appears on this page will be found on page 38 of this issue.

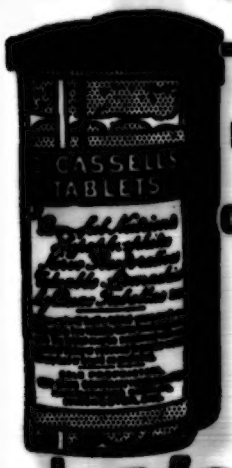
MORE NOURISHMENT IN ONE CASSELL'S TABLET THAN PACKETS OF PAIN-KILLERS
INDIGESTION COMPLETELY GONE
NOW I FEEL REALLY WELL AND STRONG
NERVES ARE GREAT — HEALTH TIP TOP
NERVES STEADIER — A DIFFERENT BEING
I FEEL A NEW WOMAN OVER AGAIN
PAIN COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED A NEW MAN
PAINS HAVE ENTIRELY GONE
AS FREE FROM NERVES AS THE STRONGEST
QUITE WELL AGAIN THANKS TO CASSELLS

INDIGESTION BANISHED
NERVES & INSOMNIA GONE

All these people were once sufferers. Insomnia, nerves, or dyspepsia made their lives a misery. To-day they are well and strong (read their own words). They did the commonsense thing: they took a real tonic—Cassell's Tablets. Cassell's did what stimulants and sedatives could never do: they *nourished* the weary and overstrained nerves back to health with Hypophosphites, strengthened the weak and impaired digestion with valuable Digestive Enzymes and Stomachics, and enriched the blood stream with Blood Nutrients. In a few weeks these people were vigorous, healthy and happy once more. Cassell's had worked wonders. They will do the same for you.

Are you NERVY? TIRED? HEADACHY? DYSPEPTIC? GLOOMY? PALE FACED? IRRITABLE?

Shake off your weakness with CASSELL'S TABLETS



FOR ALL NERVE and DIGESTIVE COMPLAINTS including

NEURALGIA
INSOMNIA
INDIGESTION
PALPITATION
NEURASTHENIA
ANÆMIA
HEADACHES
BREAKDOWN
FLATULENCE

1/3 Family Size **3/-**

STILL MORE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES WITH CASSELL'S—

"Acute Nervous Pains"

"Up to a few weeks ago I suffered from acute nervous pains. Having tried a number of 'sure cures,' without any benefit, I came to the conclusion there was no absolute cure. Great was my surprise when after the first box of Dr. Cassell's I found a great improvement in my whole system. Now I am as free from nerves as the strongest of people."—Mr. J. S. Warner, 6, Melita Villa, Ballards Lane, Finchley, N.3.

"Constant Nerve Pains"

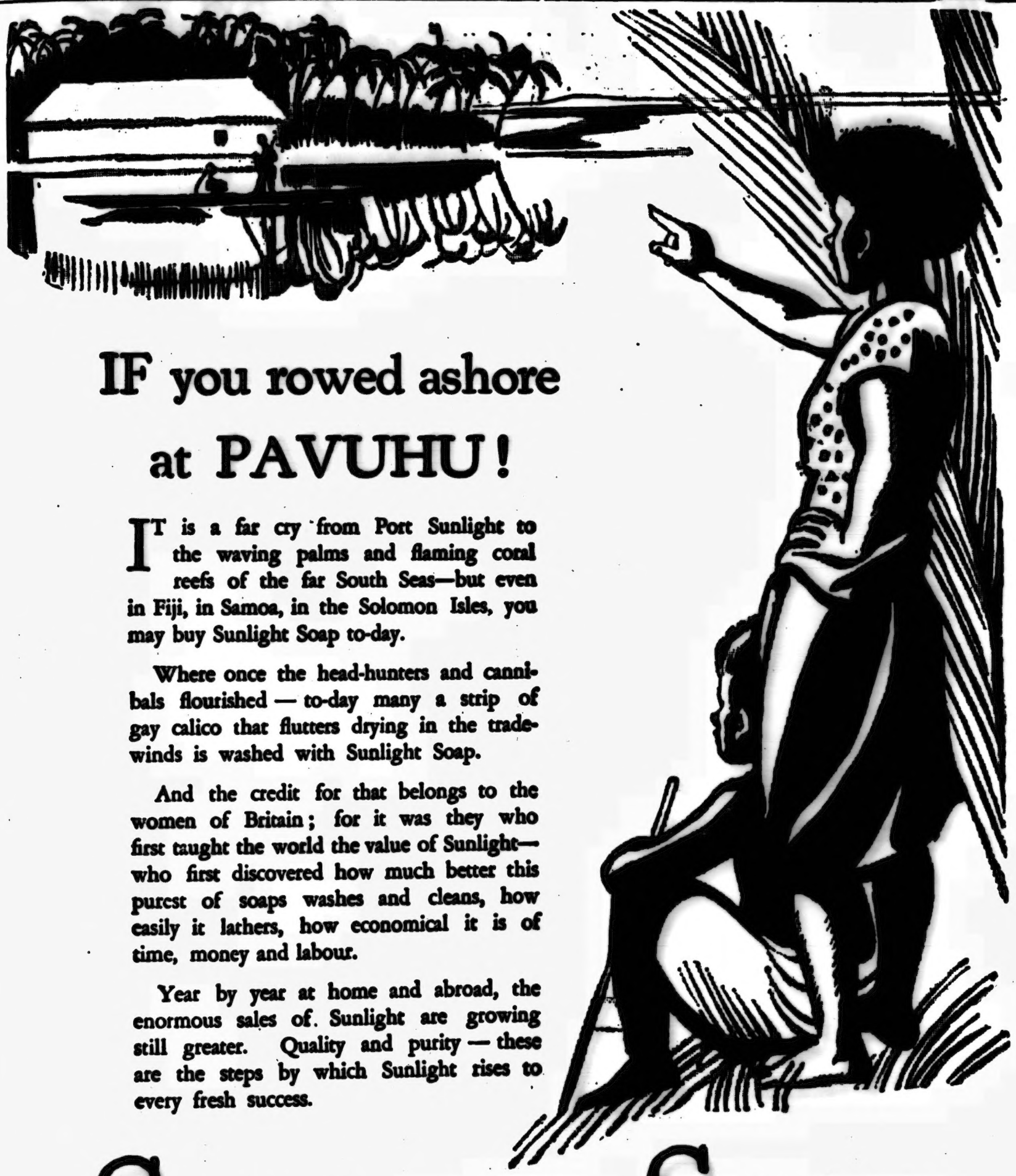
"I used to be troubled constantly with my nerves. After my two children came, my nerves became so bad that I could not bear to hear people talking. I suffered from head pains. My digession got bad and I had fits of sickness and shivering. When I read about Dr. Cassell's, I really must say Dr. Cassell's have put new nerves in my body' and have cured me."—Mrs. N. F. Kerrison, 22, Spencer Road, East Ham, E.6.

"Afraid to eat anything"

"I had suffered for years with severe indigestion and nervousness. I was pestered with wind and dizziness. I was afraid to eat anything and hardly ever slept. At last I tried Dr. Cassell's. It was wonderful what a change they made. I now eat without fear, sleep in peace, and feel better than I have done for years."—Mr. C. E. Grosvenor, 2, Seawfell Street, Hackney Road, E.2.

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

A Veno Product



IF you rowed ashore at PAVUHU!

IT is a far cry from Port Sunlight to the waving palms and flaming coral reefs of the far South Seas—but even in Fiji, in Samoa, in the Solomon Isles, you may buy Sunlight Soap to-day.

Where once the head-hunters and cannibals flourished — to-day many a strip of gay calico that flutters drying in the trade-winds is washed with Sunlight Soap.

And the credit for that belongs to the women of Britain; for it was they who first taught the world the value of Sunlight—who first discovered how much better this purest of soaps washes and cleans, how easily it lathers, how economical it is of time, money and labour.

Year by year at home and abroad, the enormous sales of Sunlight are growing still greater. Quality and purity — these are the steps by which Sunlight rises to every fresh success.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Used in 134 *different* countries.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

I'm glad I chose "Shoe Grey" this time — now I've got six different shades!

"Three Queens" NON-LADDER STOCKINGS *for 125 Coupons*

"I'm going to keep on saving 'Black Cat' coupons —then I can have all the shades of stockings I want. George likes 'Black Cat' so much that I save my coupons in no time. Then I got Jim and Harry to smoke them, too, and so the coupons roll in. Girls, you should get your men friends to do this for you — they can't help liking 'Black Cat' Cigarettes, anyway, once they've tried them."

Black Cat
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
10 for 6d

In Public Favour since 1904

To the BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.
(Dept. S), Gifts Dept., Carreras Ltd., Arcadia Works, Hampstead Rd., London, N.W.1.
Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.
Name .....
Address .....
.....
ONLY ONE OF THESE SIGNED COUPONS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

Here is a list of stocking shades:—

LATEST POINT HEEL
Sizes, 8½, 9, 9½, 10.

Made in the following shades: Flesh, Mirage, Peach, Du Barry, Indian Rose, Carmen, Plume, Paris Nude, Dust, Desert, Caramel, Nude, Paris Fawn, Arab, Suntan, Tawny, Omar, Sable, Pigeon Breast, Florence Mills, Vanity, Musquash, Grey Rosita, Blue Fox, Cloude, Shadow, Shoe Grey, Rifle, Blue Gunmetal, Light Gunmetal, Gunmetal. Also Black and White.

State size and shade preferred.

PURE VIRGINIA TOBACCO NOT ONE ATOM OF ADULTERATION **FULL SIZE** QUALITY GIFTS MADE BY QUALITY MANUFACTURERS

NOTE NEW ADDRESS: CARRERAS LTD., ARCADIA WORKS, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Hebdomally, London.

Week ending Saturday, Oct. 27, 1928. Twopence. Vol. XLIV. No. 1161.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage all over the world, 1d.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

May or June.

Statements and contradictions as to the exact date of the General Election thicken the air. But the only thing that really matters is for electors to study vital issues and be prepared.

A Chilly Gathering.

The last session of the present Parliament begins next month with little zest among either Ministers or Members. Legislation is cold work when kept as far away as possible from burning questions.

No Tit-bit.

The big item is Neville Chamberlain's new scheme for local administration—which will run to a hundred clauses and a dozen schedules. Monumental, no doubt; but so is a mausoleum.

Visionary Indeed.

What is the use of Baldwin talking about local authorities being increasingly entrusted with the happiness and well-being of the people, "particularly in health and education," when Government policy is actively directed to cutting down local authorities' funds? Deeds speak louder than words.

For the Public Good.

No one need despair of the public service because Lord Birkenhead and others desert it for "business." The tide will run the other way when there is a Government that will give able men work worth doing, and let them do it.

A Call to the Captains.

A genuine, big, national effort to abolish unemployment would enlist plenty of "captains of industry." But not if the land and every other vested interest are "not to be touched." No able and honest company director would join a board so tied.

Full Agreement.

Pique may have prompted Mr. Lloyd George's remark that the present electoral system is a gamble, but a truer word was never said. Worse still, it's a mean and unjust gamble.

Disfranchised.

A system which, whoever wins the seat, leaves millions of citizens disfranchised condemns itself. Isn't it queer though that only those out of office want to see it altered?

Interesting, but——

Was the Postmaster-General's letter to British manufacturers explaining why he placed contracts for bronze wire abroad written with his tongue in his cheek? The document may be answered by a blank on the ballot-papers when his election comes round.

Shame.

The sending of contracts abroad while unemployment increases at home is abominable. And the public pays, for the cheapest is not necessarily the best, and in manufactured goods never was.

Cheap and Nasty.

Needing new electricity meters, the Rochdale Corporation has placed the order abroad because the tenders were cheaper. The difference will be paid in unemployment benefit that half-starves British workers left unemployed.

The Root Cause.

Physicians of seventeen nations in conference at Buxton have decided that rheumatism is "a national problem." We decided that long ago, and we add that it will be a growing one so long as housing conditions are not altered.

Cost of Living.

Advances in milk, eggs, butter and coal have started the upward movement in prices. The more you need as the cold comes, the higher you must climb to get it.

The Price.

For a seat on the New York Stock Exchange £96,000 was recently paid. That shows whether or not gambling in the people's food-stuffs pays.

INCORRIGIBLE!

Sleepyheads in Gold Lace

FEW papers could live if they gave away their advertising space, but John Bull as a patriotic duty sometimes does this.

From time to time we give the General Post Office free advertisements. We make it a free gift of our business experience. We have boosted its excellent life insurance scheme.

We have urged the Post Office to compete, as it could most successfully, with the great industrial assurance companies, whose swindling methods we persistently expose.

We want the people to have the Government's own security for the banking of their savings. We want the Government, in consequence, to have a bigger and more profitable turnover.

The G.P.O. is apparently incorrigible. To all these considerations it has remained stodgily indifferent.

It moves, but surely it is moving in its sleep! It advertises! But instead of pushing its own wares, in its stamp-books it busily booms its rivals!

Slumber has silenced what common-sense the G.P.O. had left. Will nothing but a spell of really adverse finance waken it up?

County Grit.

Suffolk says she's out to keep some of the £16,000,000 we are paying yearly to other countries for eggs. That's the old British spirit.

"Civilisation."

The number of cellar-dwellers in London has increased during the last thirty years and is still increasing. No bigger condemnation of land starvation could be adduced.

The Troglodytes.

In Westminster families are even living in cellars which are under other cellars. If such a horror was reported from Timbuctoo, Parliament itself would soon raise a shout.

Honest Worth.

Dr. Rowland Thomas, who, out of sixty applicants, has been appointed Inspector of Schools for Glamorgan, is the son of a quarryman. And there's more of his sort among the rank and file when the country has sense to discover them.

Starve 'Em Out.

The Ministry of Agriculture is doing an ungracious thing in raising the rent of sixty acres of land let to Sutton Bridge for allotments. It's the sort of petty persecution that kills the land sense in a people.

Human Ghouls.

The special charabanc trips that ran visitors to the wreckage of the railway accident at Charfield put a black mark against decency. Britons should set their faces against this sort of "horror gloating."

The Explosion.

Five human beings blown to atoms, a 30 ft. crater, and windows and chimneys shattered five miles away show the awful nature of the stuff being secretly mixed on Bramble Island, Essex. It is time these constant war-time conditions ceased.

Reminder.

Working parties are still searching the wastes of Verdun for bones of the countless dead in the last war. That's the fact to throw at those who light-heartedly talk of "the next war."

Kill Joys.

Reading Corporation has refused to open the "Sol Joel" Playing Fields at Earley on Sundays. Minds who deem grass, sand-pits and paddling pools wicked for kiddies on any day of the week need medical attention.

Lax Law.

In a Kingston motor smash, when a workman was run into, the driver proved to be partially blind, with cataract on each eye. How many people must be killed before the all-and-sundry method of issuing driving licences is stopped?

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Labelling the Labourer.

Edward Davis was sentenced at the Cheshire Quarter Sessions to three years' penal servitude for stealing suitcases from Macclesfield station. Was the fact that he was described as a "labourer" the reason for this appalling stiff sentence?

Starting Young.

Eric Hobson, a Bakewell youth of sixteen, has been bound over for six months with costs for shooting at and injuring two boys with an air pistol. How long will the Home Office delay in forbidding the sale of these weapons?

Fair Fiare.

Succeeding various fair-ground fatalities, comes report of an oil-flare setting fire to and damaging £1,000 worth of food and toys at Hull Fair. It is time proper surveillance was instituted to moderate the dangers of fair games and out-of-date lighting appliances at these functions.

Boots for Bairns.

While honouring the giver of £100 by which Mansfield elementary school children are to be supplied with boots and shoes, we cannot forget the barb of reproach that in a country rich enough to squander on luxuries, kiddies should depend on charity for footware.

No Sarah Gamps.

The Ministry of Health must not fail to sanction a residential course of instruction at the Bingley Training College for 200 midwives practising in the West Riding. It is truer economy to spend £292 on learning than squander through ignorance the lives of mothers and babies.

Waking Up.

The alarm of the Norfolk County Council at finding Briston slum-ridden and agricultural workers' homes a disgrace to the county must be a signal for full steam ahead. Nothing but municipal enthusiasm for bricks and mortar will drive out the housing shortage.

Showing the Way.

Only an inmate of the Burnley Board of Guardians' Working Boys' Home is Gilbert Jeeves, but he has passed the examination of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, and started to climb the ladder that many born with silver spoons in their mouths never see. Well done!

Petrol Dangers.

The illegality of having more than a pint of petrol in a dwelling-house was pointed out by an L.C.C. inspector at the inquest on a Stockwell housewife who died from an explosion of a bathful of the fluid. Surely it would be wiser to cut off danger at the source by prohibiting the sale of any quantity for home use.

Doctor's Curfew.

Dewsbury's Anti-Latch Key Guardians' restrictions at their Staincliffe institution compel their medical superintendent to be indoors each night before eleven o'clock, and will thus deny him an occasional visit to the theatre or to a party for beneficial recreation. Do the guardians apply the same restrictions to their own homes?

Fly Peril.

Gastro-enteritis, of which there are other cases in the insanitary, fly-pestered districts of Melbourne, near Derby, ended fatally for Violet May Smith, aged thirteen. The jury may return a verdict of "Death from natural causes." We prefer to attribute it to the unnatural indifference of administrative bodies as to how people live.

Champion Landlord.

Blocks of five-room flats rented at 12s. 10½d. weekly, with wash-houses, roof garden, perambulator garages, and a matron to guide and befriend tenants, to be built on a Camberwell site, is the latest project of Mr. Claude Leigh, owner of 30,000 London flats. We long for more landlords with his ambition to give the artisan a home of which he may be proud.

Hygiene as Practised.

The unsavoury case of a school provided with only one towel for 398 children, and terribly inadequate cloakroom accommodation, was brought on the mat at a meeting of the London Teachers' Association. Such dirty linen must be washed in public till it ceases to outrage decency.

Peaceful Fields.

It is a happy sign of the times that Woolwich Common, parts of which have been exclusively used during and since the war for troops, is to be reconditioned as a recreation-ground. The exchange of fences and war-time buildings for facilities for healthy exercise is one step further on the road to the healing of the nations.

Parents' Knock-out.

Shockingly wounded in the war, married and unemployed, John Clifford Bryning fell to the indignity of burgling his parents' home, they withdrawing the charge on discovering the thief's identity. Who will persist in glorifying war that robs parents not only of their sons, but their sons of decency and honour?

Door-step Dodges.

THE KEY KING

PEOPLE in quest of houses are advised to beware of men like Curtis Harry Chapman, who obtained from an unsuspecting Plumstead woman 5s. deposit on a key which he represented to be that of a house he had "to let." After exploiting this mean dodge for two months, Chapman is now in the hands of the police. At the time of his arrest, he had eleven house-viewing forms in his possession and a dozen door-keys. Deposits should never be paid on keys of houses advertised "to let." No reputable house-agent makes such a charge.

Whose Fault?

With thirty-nine warrants out for his arrest for getting food by false pretences, on ticket-of-leave, after serving four terms of penal servitude, the Recorder of the Ludlow Quarter Sessions styled William Berry a menace to society. Yet to send him to another five years of stone-breaking merely makes a mock of our unprogressive handling of such dangers.

Profits and Pennies.

According to Mr. Sam Elsbury, a trade union official, some of the girls working at the Rego Clothiers' factory received respectively 2s. 8½d., 3s. 6d., 3s. 8d., and 4s. 1½d. for two and a half days' work during the week ending October 6. The firm last year made £74,000 profit. Were we a shareholder, we shouldn't eat our dinner in a very happy frame of mind.

Mean Scoundrel.

Mr. Bingley rightly described William James Brown as "horribly and disgustingly mean" to propose marriage to a young girl in service and rob her of £30, failed to strike hard enough in committing him to six months' hard labour. A bigamist who left his family on the parish, and seducer of a married woman to boot, Brown required a much longer period of detention.

Making Hooligans.

Considering that the Surrey Education Committee cannot promise even a temporary school for the children on the L.C.C. estate at Castlenau, Barnes, before Christmas, it was scandalous to turn down the local vicar's offer to house 200 scholars in his parish hall. We scorn officials who, with the mental development of children at stake, deny that half a loaf is better than no bread.

* * * *

FIRE — FLOOD — STORM — SICKNESS — ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you Free.
(See page 2.)

Tricky Officials.

Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., warns unemployed men to read carefully any document presented for their signature by the officials at the employment exchanges. These are often filled in by the clerks, and later have been found to embody statements detrimental to the claimant. It is a low-down, mean trick; but forewarned is forearmed.

Fatal Neglect.

Lack of communication between the Deptford pumping-station and the main drainage authorities, who, ignorant that five men were working in the sewer, blew steam down the boilers, resulted in the death from scalds of John Gosney, an employé. The Camberwell deputy-coroner's comment of "Very sad" should have been one of censure of the L.C.C. for unforgivable negligence.

Parents' Work.

The Carnarvonshire Education Committee, viewing the increase in venereal disease among children under sixteen and urging for its compulsory notification, cannot take the subject too seriously. Proposed addresses by the medical officer to religious bodies need to be followed up by a direct appeal to parents, with whom rests the chief ability to check a horrible menace.

Making Good.

Of 115 "difficult cases" among 604 convicts handled by the Central Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, only two were failures. A striking instance of success was that of a clerk, of sixty, who, after serving three months for theft, obtained a similar post and became partner in the firm. The encouragement of these figures suggests what might be done with prisoners if their after-care were a national, not merely a charitable, concern.

Ferocious Father.

In a drunken fury, Charles Henry Flear, of Latimer Street, Birmingham, struck two of his children, and so terrorised his wife that she ran with her eight little ones, all under fifteen, to the Queen's Hospital for protection. All were in their night attire, and the children were found to be suffering from exposure. "You deserve the 'cat,'" remarked the magistrate, sentencing him to a month. Had we been on the Bench, he would have got it.

Something to Hide?

At the inquest held on the two victims of the air disaster at Hendon, Dr. George Cohen, the coroner, complained bitterly of the secrecy of the authorities respecting the accident. "My officer could get no assistance from the Hendon aerodrome," he asserted. Such tactics tempt one to believe that there is something serious to hide, and if only for the satisfaction of the relatives of the brave fellows who have gone to their death the matter should be probed to the bottom.

Fowlhouse as Bedroom.

That an old lady of sixty-five, who has seen better days, should be found "sleeping" in a fowlhouse 6 ft. square, where it was impossible for her to lie down, and with no alternative accommodation but the workhouse, is a matter engaging the attention of the Camelford District Council. Stated to be healthy and supporting herself on the produce of forty head of poultry, her plight is probably more due to independence of spirit than to any other cause. Surely someone in the district can offer her a room?

Wasted Work.

After studying hard for twelve months and more, Mr. Algernon Rumbold, nephew of Sir Horace Rumbold, passed second into the Home Civil Service, only to be turned down later after a medical examination. He appears to be in perfect health, certainly capable of performing any duties which would have been likely to come his way. The authorities were not so particular when there was a war on. In any case, we think the medical examination should take place before a candidate is invited to sit.

WARRENS *of the* DAMNED

Cursed from the Cradle Up

by The Rev. ROBERTSON BALLARD

(East London Wesleyan Mission)

HAVE you ever seen, or smelt, a slum? Of course you've heard of them, and read about them. But to see how people live there, and exactly what the slums really are, is quite a different thing.

For my own part, I seriously believe that there will be a huge slump in slums only when those who are not in them begin to realise what such ghastly imprisonment means.

Overcrowding is still the greatest social problem staring us in the face to-day. Efforts have been made, and since the Armistice much has been done.

But a statement at the Edinburgh meeting of the Trades Union Congress has stuck in my throat for many a long day. An unchallenged speaker said, "There are at least 3,000,000 of our people living in disease-ridden, fever-stricken slums." His estimate is carefully founded on fact.

Who cares? At the present rate of progress it is obvious that new generations will live and die in the foul and filthy slums in which they were born. And it almost seems as if they are born into a world which does not care a damn what happens to them. There is the tragedy of every slum. It is stark deviltry.

Remembering what the war cost us in money, or what our annual drink bill is, only a blatant liar dares to say we have not the money to alter things. A battleship is launched after we have spent somewhere near six million pounds to build her. Imagine the immediate result if even the cost of a single battleship were spent in clearing a few slum areas.

The thing lacking

Our National Budget is £800,000,000. Three-quarters of it is due to wars of the past, present or future. There is enough wealth in the country to wipe out every slum in the land, if we were determined to do it.

A few weeks ago the Minister of Health whispered to the House of Commons: "Really when one thinks of the vast masses of people who to-day are compelled to live under slum conditions, one cannot help feeling impatient that up to now so little has been done to help."

There's the rub. As a nation, we have the money, and the brains, but we lack the will to help. It keeps few folk awake at night. The only folk who are kept awake at night are those who nightly scratch themselves in bug-ridden tenements.

Slums, and all the horrors inseparable from them, will be a relic of an infamous past when the people themselves determine that they shall go. No Government can withstand the irresistible will of the people.

But no Parliament will be stung into any big scheme without the demanding voice of the rank and file. It is always possible to awaken any Government to action, if the will of the people is behind the awakening.

Why isn't it done? Why doesn't someone stab our national conscience wide awake? H. G. Wells has said that if a visitor from another planet came to see us, he would get the fixed impression that our land is "the lunatic asylum of the universe."

He is not far out of it. Why cannot we demonstrate our national sanity by a huge campaign for healthy homes throughout the length and breadth of the land?

We have swept cholera, plague and typhus out of England. When are we to sweep away those poisonous areas which are the devil's breeding-ground for every kind of wickedness and wretchedness imaginable?

A first-hand investigation of our worst slums is like taking the lid off hell itself. Social workers know the true facts, but scarcely dare to make them known.

In days like these, when motor-cars or race-horses are worth thousands of pounds, or when film-stars or boxers can earn their thousands so easily, it seems so futile to show up the shame of smelly mean streets.

Who cares that women pawn their wedding-rings to buy the necessities of life, or that men are in the uttermost depths of an agonising despair through the impossibility of getting a job?

Who bothers about those of the respectable poor whose only crime is that they are cursed by their poverty? Men, women and children are herded together 415 to the acre in a score of London borough wards.

Appalling conditions

Ben Turner hits the nail on the head when he says: "If the Rolls-Royce can get a good home, and the Derby winner a good stable, every man, woman and child ought to get as good housing accommodation."

In miserable slums, untold thousands have never known what that means. Poor people are left to wallow in their pig-sty houses, and they only leave them to enter our hospitals and asylums and workhouses—and cemeteries.

Near to my own home, there are some "homes" where some of my poorer brothers and sisters exist. Hideous tenement-buildings, seven storeys high, lift up their sinister heads in sordid defiance of all that is decent. There are five blocks in these buildings, each containing about 100 one or two-roomed flats.

Each block is reached by stone stairways, at the top of which are two communal lavatories for the inhabitants of each floor. Many are doorless, and all of them are disgracefully unclean and insanitary. The smells are intolerable, summer or winter.

Owing to the height of the buildings, and the closeness of the blocks to one another, most of the lower flats have no sunshine all the year round. Mothers in the top flats have to carry their babies and manœuvre their prams up and down seven flights of steep stone stairs.

Compare that in your mind's eye to Suburbia or to Park Lane. Multiply that by tens of thousands, and you get some idea of the total amount of misery by the existence of slums.

The devil's harvest

There are children born this very year in densely crowded, insanitary surroundings, who are more or less cursed into being. When they grow up, stunted in mind and dwarfed in body and soul, they will leave school at fourteen.

It is obvious that they will be below the average in physique, as well as in brain, and inevitably swell the ranks of the incapable or unemployable.

Rickety children who suffer solely through lack of sunshine, consumptive boys and girls, ill-nourished mothers dying in childbirth, fathers who have lost hope—these are the commonplace realities of the devil's breeding-ground in all the slums of England.

The Rev. Robertson Ballard

Boys unemployable at fifteen, and girls on the streets at sixteen, these are the realities bred by the devil in our slum areas.

What is the way out? Firstly, it is imperative to get folk to face up to things as they really are. If those who have eyes to see, and minds to think, could only see things and feel things by actual personal experience, something would soon happen.

The ideal policy is, of course, the clearance of condemned areas. Many plague-spots in our big cities, particularly in London, have been cleared. Decent, airy building-flats now replace verminous, stifling courts and squalid tenement hovels. The Ministry of Health can point to many successful schemes which have fully justified themselves.

It is not always practicable, or even possible, to clear a congested site, even though it is obviously condemned. But in most of such cases it is within the power of local authorities to get busy with schemes for the reconditioning of slum property.

One important advantage of this would be to prevent the enforced shifting of people to greater distances away from their work and the neighbourhood in which they have their friends and relatives.

Demand an answer!

To-day it is possible to obtain a State subsidy for every *bona-fide* slum-clearance scheme, and thereby to mitigate any loss or injustice against landlords or owners.

Why is it not also possible to obtain a State subsidy for the renovation and reconditioning of existing slum properties, so as to make them clean and comfortable dwelling-places?

At least 2,000,000 new houses ought to be built before we can replace slum dwellings with houses worth talking about. (Yet we are told that there are at least 150,000 building workers unemployed!) Small houses at sane rentals are the one vital need of all industrial areas.

Carry out *all* these, organised and controlled by the best business brains of the country, and get them to put energy and expedition into them all, and the slums would as surely vanish from the face of the land as the snow in winter.

If we must have political Parties, why cannot we test our future candidates by their personal attitude towards this vital national question: "Have you ever seen or smelt a slum? What do you think of them? What do you intend to do about them, if we pay you £400 a year to go and talk about things in the House?"

THE DOGS:
More Startling Exposures
ROGUERY ON THE RACE TRACK

OUR exclusive exposures of greyhound-racing scandals have attracted widespread interest, and we are pleased to note that a wholehearted effort is to be made by the authorities to purge the sport of its unpleasant elements.

It is now our intention to give a few instances of how legitimate owners, not knowing anything of the appalling roguery that has been pitted against them, have been so repeatedly baffled by the astounding manner in which their dogs have been beaten that they have lodged complaints with the track officials.

One is a well-known sportsman who entered his dog, an animal of admittedly high form, in an open race on a suburban track.

In the opinion of experts and the course bookmakers, it should have won "hands down," and it actually started a hot favourite.

Disappointed confidence

The owner was so confident that his dog would prove victorious that he wagered £100 upon it; but it disappointed all its supporters by finishing far down the course, while a rank outsider claimed the honours.

Feeling that something was seriously amiss, the owner hurried to the kennels, and, following an animated scene, was convinced that his dog had not run at all, but had been temporarily replaced by an inferior animal!

He sold his dog forthwith and has dissociated himself from greyhound racing ever since!

In another case, a lady who bought a dog after becoming very fascinated with the new craze could not understand why her animal lost every race in which it was entered, notwithstanding the earnest assurance of her trainer that it was practically unbeatable.

Making it her business personally to see an official of the course, whose duty it was to handicap entrants according to their form, she was assured that the experience her dog gained would stand it in good stead in the future.

Her chief lament was that in a race where there were only three runners, the other two of which were of unknown form, her dog had finished last!

Inside knowledge

Following her complaint, however, it won next time out!

A journalist whose duties take him on to a racecourse in the south of England—we have his signed testimony before us at the moment—was asked by an official at a recent meeting what he had backed.

Upon giving the desired information he was greeted by the exclamation, "You have lost your money!"

The official then confided that a long-priced dog would win this particular race, and, realising that his informant had some inside knowledge, the journalist took his tip.

It romped home, proving once again that in dog-racing many of the actual winners are confidently known before the race!

Still more recently a man took a dog from his kennels to the same course. It was a fine racer, and he backed it for an even £25.

Later in the evening he met the owner of another dog taking refreshment with a responsible official of the

Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, C.M.G., D.S.O., of the Greyhound Racing Association, which is doing much to combat the gross evils of which we complain

course, and, after exchanging greetings, both informed him that his dog would not win that night!

Profitable combination

In fact, no bones were made about the fact that the other owner's dog would prove victorious. He backed the rival dog, and it won easily, and later he was informed that his own dog would win before the end of the month!

Apart from giving information in this way, course officials in some parts abuse their positions by making use of their privileged powers to line their own pockets. To this end they form a working combination with certain bookmakers.

The latter become the owners of dogs which are entered in false names, while the course official sees to it that other entrants are made hot favourites.

Then, to the surprise of the uninitiated, the dogs which the bookmakers have entered through nominees all prove winners!

Thus, profitable double coups are brought off, as, in addition to winning the various races, the bookmakers concerned pocket all the money that the public has put on the false favourites.

Meanwhile, of course, the official has secretly backed the real winners.

On one provincial track a bookmaker who makes a book in one name, and runs dogs in another, is known to have at least half a dozen dud dogs running in races in which they have never got a chance.

Therefore, whatever money is wagered on them, is money for nothing for the owner-bookmaker!

On one occasion this subtle combination between bookmaker and course official was worked a little too blatantly.

A bookmaker's dog was nowhere in the betting when matched against only one other entrant, a strong favourite. The public backed the latter to a man, but the track officials backed the other.

Suggested remedies

The bookmaker-owner took hundreds of pounds for the favourite and nothing for his own. Nevertheless his dog won, and the suggestion of foul play was so obvious that the racing committee declared the race void.

Most of the evils we have cited in this and our two previous articles are not without their remedy.

To prevent the doping or overfeeding of an animal just prior to a race, all tracks should be compelled by the National Greyhound Racing Club to insist upon all dogs being placed in their kennels at least two hours before the meeting is due.

They should also be compelled to employ a registered veterinary officer, who should be under contract to remain on hand to inspect every animal before each event.

All officials employed in any duties which bring them into contact with the dogs, either before or after a race, should be men of high integrity.

To prevent the substitution of dogs, special identity cards should be compulsory.

These cards, which are already in use on leading courses, give the minutest details, even to the description of toes and nails, and should accompany a dog wherever it goes.

Besmirched sport

In addition to this, a committee of dog-racing experts should be established on every track to ensure that entrants are not accepted from undesirable owners, whose chief aim is to bring off one-sided betting coups.

All cases of erratic running should be sifted by this committee before the winning numbers are announced.

A study of the numbers of the traps of winning dogs on some courses provides illuminating reading. They are supposed to be drawn for—but, more often than not, they are "arranged."

The publicity we have already given will do much to strike the death-knell of what is perhaps the most scandalous state of affairs that has ever besmirched the realms of sport. But we are still pursuing our investigations, and shall have yet further revelations to make.

ARE YOU IDENTIFIED?
A Queer Association

HAVE you heard of the British Identification Association, Ltd., of 1, Cookridge Street, Leeds? If not, you have missed one of the most singular propositions that has been advanced for many a day.

For an annual membership fee of 10s. 6d., the association will furnish you with an imposing certificate, bearing your photograph, and an announcement to the effect that, having established your identity, you are entitled to all the benefits and privileges of the association.

What are these benefits and privileges?

One of the chief benefits offered in the printed prospectus was free accident insurance, but, in a letter written after the association had been in being for less than a year the secretary declared that this had been cancelled as unsatisfactory and unworkable!

What is not told

Let us turn, then, to the other points.

One is that the certificate serves to ensure your introduction socially and commercially on all occasions without question or doubt. But we are not told how it can accomplish this.

The prospectus further adds that no one should be without a certificate of identity in case of loss of memory or accident.

But it does not explain why it should be necessary to pay 10s. 6d. for such a certificate when a visiting card would serve the same purpose!

Besides, a victim of loss of memory might easily forget to carry his certificate with him and then his 10s. 6d. would be wasted!

Travellers and tourists are likewise urged to secure a certificate from the association, which again conveniently forgets that a passport would answer the traveller's requirements whenever he wished to establish his identity beyond dispute.

While the scheme is ridiculous from the point of view of most people, we can understand that there will be some who will welcome it with open arms.

The crook who wishes to impress ignorant folk for his own sinister ends might employ such a certificate to inspire a confidence that is ill merited.

A scheme to drop

Or an alien, here without authority, might employ such a certificate in some circumstances with dire effect.

For the association is perfectly willing to accept application forms from all parts of the country through the post, and it would be well-nigh impossible even for the largest of organisations to verify all statements made by distant applicants or to investigate their *bona fides*.

For this reason, if for no other, the British Identification Association should be deemed just as unsatisfactory and unworkable as the insurance scheme it so quickly dropped!

FORBES WAS NO FOOL

—He got away with £85,500 and is still at liberty!

AN individual named Oswald Vernon Forbes, who resides at Lewisham Bridge, London, S.E., has accomplished the unique feat of keeping the same company swindle running over a long period of years with absolute impunity.

The company in question is the Royalties Syndicate, Ltd., and, with offices in Golden Square, London, W., Mr. Forbes flooded the country with impressive printed matter.

According to his story, he was going to exploit an ingenious patent that would revolutionise the boot and shoe industry.

The public was to be introduced to "Forbec" footwear, a notable feature being a spare heel and sole that could be fitted with perfect ease by the owner when repairs were necessary.

In the early days of the Royalties Syndicate, which was supposed to be going to form a million-pound company to exploit the patents all over the world, Forbes confined his activities to the task of unloading the syndicate's shares upon old ladies, clergymen, stage folk and retired naval and military officers.

Tempting promises

When he had acquired nearly £30,000 in this way, Forbes began to circularise naval officers on the high seas and Army officers serving abroad—in short, people who had no means of verifying the statements which he made in his highly coloured literature.

His object was to invite them to take up debentures in the company, and amongst the promises held out was one to the effect that every £2 invested would shortly be worth £10, while interest of at least 7 per cent. would be payable on their money.

Although the resourceful Forbes ultimately raised a further £30,000 in this way, nothing was accomplished so far as the "Forbec" patents were concerned.

When investors became restive, Forbes simply put them off with one excuse after another.

Impudent move

It was not surprising, therefore, that some of the anxious ones wrote to the Board of Trade about the matter, pointing out that as the company was only registered as a private syndicate, Forbes was refusing to publish a balance-sheet and was claiming that he was legally justified.

Finally, however, after many further delays, the Board of Trade compelled him to file a return.

This somewhat vague document purported to show that against £55,045 raised from investors, the syndicate possessed assets amounting to £200,000, together with no less than £19,235 "cash in hand."

A very promising position, surely? But why had no "Forbec" footwear been manufactured? Mr. Forbes could only repeat his assurances that future prospects were rosy.

Another year passed and the new balance-sheet was eagerly awaited.

But Forbes was no fool in regard to company matters, and knew that the old Acts presented plenty of loopholes.

Not the least was the fact that there was no provision for the compilation of a fresh balance-sheet each year, so he impudently took advantage of this loophole.

Matters came to a head recently, when Forbes was forced to preside over a meeting of investors.

Scenting trouble, he took the precaution of moving his office from Golden Square to Lewisham, doubtless in the hope that a number of people would thus be deterred from attending.

Fortunately, however, a brave little band of investors, headed by the famous actress, Miss Mary Moore (Lady Wyndham), turned up in strength, determined to put up with his excuses no longer.

Faked figures

They came accompanied by a solicitor, who put the uncommunicative Mr. Forbes through his paces, and though no satisfactory issue was reached, sufficient was learned to confirm the fact that all the money had been frittered away.

Now, after a conference with the Board of Trade, the scandalous Royalties Syndicate has been forced into liquidation, but the position is no more satisfactory from the point of view of the countless creditors.

In all Forbes and his wretched concern have had £85,500 in hard cash, yet there is not a penny to divide amongst the investors, whose joint claims amount to more than £55,000. Where has the money gone?

Lady Wyndham

This is not the only question that Forbes should be called upon to answer.

We are able to state that at the time when the worthless debentures were being sold to Army officers and others, Forbes deliberately faked balance-sheets and accounts to present a flourishing position that did not exist.

One account was "written up" to show a fictitious profit of £170,000, whereas the true position at that time—as he undoubtedly knew—was that there was a dead loss of £10,000!

If this does not represent deliberate fraud, we are at a loss for any other descriptive term, and we certainly feel that the Public Prosecutor should enquire into this matter at once.

Meanwhile, any reader who may have been swindled by this persistent impostor should send a full statement to us.

A DISGRACE TO THE KING'S NAVY

Scurvy Treatment for Crocks

MOST of our readers will be astonished to learn that, under existing conditions, it is possible for men to be discharged from the Navy as physically unfit without being granted anything in the way of pension!

The Rt. Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty

A case is before us of a man named Triggs, who enlisted in the Royal Navy as a boy in 1918. His man's service commenced in 1920, and he saw service in H.M.S. *Cardiff*, H.M.S. *Cambrian*, and H.M.S. *Warwick*.

Then, in January, 1925, he was transferred to the Submarine Service, and six months later was appointed to Submarine *H30*.

All went well until July of this year when, after appearing before a medical board, he was discharged as suffering from tuberculosis.

Although he had thus given ten years of his youth to the Service, he received no pension!

An appeal was naturally made on his behalf, but it was made without avail, for the Admiralty contended that the disease, which had so suddenly revealed itself, might quite easily have developed "in the ordinary course of life."

Dreadful conditions

It is interesting to note the conditions under which crews work in submarines.

Their quarters are situated between the engine-room and the control-room.

All air from the engines passes through the crew's quarters, and there is an almost perpetual draught. On the *H30*, eight men lived in the crew's quarters.

Thrown on the scrapheap

Now, in the case we are considering, the man's home was in an agricultural district, and, had he not joined the Navy, it is more than likely that he would have taken up farming and so enjoyed an open-air life.

However, he has no avenue of appeal against the Admiralty.

An even harder case is that of an ex-sailor named Clews, who joined the Navy in December, 1916, when only just turned fifteen years of age.

Now, after nearly twelve years' service, he has been discharged, suffering from tuberculosis.

In vain he has put forward the claim that his medical history sheet has been clean from the day of his birth, for the medical authorities at the Admiralty maintain that the tuberculosis must be considered as "constitutional."

It is significant that the final five and a half years of this man's service was spent in submarines, yet his sole "reward" has been a gratuity of £20, and he has now been thrown on the scrap-heap at the age of twenty-seven without any pension.

Last year a deputation from the British Legion put forward a scheme for giving such victims the right of appealing to an impartial tribunal.

"Misapprehension"!

But the powers that be decided that a change of procedure was neither necessary nor desirable.

Indeed, the Admiralty actually expressed the conviction that the proposal could only have arisen from some "misapprehension" as to the principles already in force for securing a "just and equitable" decision.

Can anyone share the view that the two cases we have cited represent "just and equitable" decisions?

The PANTECHNICON POW-WOW

Giddy Gardiner's Ten-Pound Hook

A WELL dressed stranger strolled into the premises of a Margate contractor the other day and enquired in somewhat haughty tones whether the firm was capable of executing a very elaborate removal.

Although the contractor did not know it, the stranger, who gave his name as "Mr. William Younger," was merely preparing the stage for a remarkably clever little game of bluff.

He had all the appearance of affluence, so, being ushered into a private office, was assured that the firm was in a position to execute any kind of removal work, large or small.

Mr. Younger then asked whether distance made any difference, as the particular job he had in mind involved a removal over many hundreds of miles.

Expense no object

Again he was assured that the work could safely be entrusted to the firm, and, appearing to be satisfied at last, he began to discuss details of the removal he had in mind.

He stated that he wanted a motor lorry to go to Bovey Tracey, in Devon, on the following day, for the purpose of collecting a large consignment of furniture that he was purchasing there at a sale.

He would be glad, he intimated, if the contractor would himself accompany the lorry to Devon and give the removal his personal attention, as the furniture involved was of exceptional value.

Expense was no object he declared where its care and safety were concerned.

Mr. Younger further added that he would accompany the contractor also to supervise matters, and confided that it was his intention to bring his valuable purchases back to Margate for disposal.

Asking a favour

Of course, his exacting demands, coupled with his important air, could not fail to create a good impression, and the contractor, who was to be paid an excellent fee for his services, never for one instant entertained any doubts as to his new customer's integrity.

Mr. Younger was anxious for them to depart as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made and arranged to call the next morning to give his final instructions.

When he looked in according to plan, he expressed great satisfaction with all the preparations that the contractor had made, and intimated that before they started on their important journey he would be obliged if the other would grant him a small favour.

His wife, he said, would be remaining at the Margate hotel where they were residing, and in case something occurred at Bovey Tracey to delay them, he was anxious to leave her sufficient cash in hand for her immediate needs.

He had already been in Margate longer than he had anticipated and had consequently run himself rather short of ready money.

He would be able to replenish his personal funds at his bank at Bovey Tracey, but would be obliged if the contractor would be good enough to lend him £10 that he could leave behind with his wife.

In view of all the circumstances, this request was readily granted, and Mr. Younger hurried away to his hotel with the money, promising to return at an appointed time.

That was the last seen of him by the contractor, who now realises that he has been duped by a remarkably clever rogue.

Borrowing money is not, generally speaking, illegal; but when it is obtained on the strength of cleverly spun stories which are nothing more than a tissue of misrepresentations, the offence is, of course, a criminal one.

Expert tale-teller

Mr. Younger is an expert in this direction, for the sale of furniture at Bovey Tracey and its impending removal were a figment of his own imagination.

Complaints of similar coups have been reported from time to time in all parts, and it is within our knowledge that he has operated in several different names, including those of "William Gardiner" and "W. Giddy."

Perhaps this exposure will tend to curb his giddy propensities, and we trust that before Mr. Younger is much older he will find himself "removed" to a place less picturesque than Bovey Tracey or in a van that will be placed at his disposal by the authorities!

HOSPITAL WITHOUT PATIENTS

Disgraceful Staff "Beano"

FOR weeks the Ashington (Northumberland) Isolation Hospital was without a single patient and the staff of three women (with the addition of a washerwoman one day a week) had the time of their lives!

Not content with a long rest from hospital routine, they appear to have blossomed out as a tantalising trinity of gourmands—in fact, Sir John Craigs, chairman of the local urban council, has gone so far as to describe their meal-time capacities as "not only extravagance, but a sin."

Fine "put-away"

It is beyond the worthy alderman's comprehension how the three of them managed to "put away" what they did, and we are sure that the figures we shall reveal below will also pass the understanding of the average member o' a hospital staff.

In thirteen weeks the food bills were as follows: £30 10s. 2d. for provisions; £12 0s. 2d. for butcher's meat; £1 9s. 4d. for bread; £1 7s. 3d. for fish—making a grand total of £45 6s. 11d.

Tongue and tripe

And this did not include garden produce, of which, apparently, they could have as much as they cared to ask for.

Thus it will be seen that each member of this remarkable staff of three women cost well over £3 a week each in food alone.

Evidently they kept the tea-pot pretty regularly on the hob, for, in the space of thirteen weeks, they disposed of 19 lb. of tea and 63 lb. of sugar.

In the way of solid food they did themselves handsomely.

In thirteen weeks they disposed of 52½ lb. of mutton, 22 lb. of beef, 15 lb. of chops, 13½ lb. of pork, 13 lb. of bacon, 4½ lb. of lamb, 5 lb. of steak, added to which were nine tins of corned beef, four tins of tongue, 20½ lb. of mince and 7½ lb. of tripe.

For lighter meals they disposed of 288 eggs, 26 lb. of fish, nine tins of salmon, 22 lb. of butter and 21 lb. of margarine.

Oh, and we almost overlooked the thirty-seven odd stones of potatoes and the 13 lb. of ham!

Pears and peaches

Nor did they neglect their sweet teeth, for, in the same period, they enjoyed five tins of loganberries, ten tins of pears and five tins of peaches, while they drank 367 pints of milk and used eighty-one pints of cream.

We overlook the vegetable produce from the garden and leave the above list to the envy of any of our readers with an appetite.

A TOOTHLESS TWISTER

Such a Nice Man, Too!

A BRIXTON lady who advertised for a situation as housekeeper was visited by a venerable, white-haired gentleman, of ample build, whose manner seemed the very essence of sincerity.

The caller stated that his home was in Wood Green, and he suggested that perhaps the lady would like to meet him by appointment to view the house before deciding to enter his employ.

An appointment was duly arranged, and, in feeling for his notebook to record particulars, he discovered with dismay that he had left his wallet at home.

His prospective housekeeper sympathised with the dear old gentleman and offered to lend him some cash, an offer which was accepted in rather an apologetic manner.

So the absent-minded gentleman departed with 4s. 6d., which he promised to refund at their next meeting.

There was no next meeting. And this white-haired rogue has not been heard of since.

Others should be on their guard lest he tries to repeat this coup. He should not be difficult to identify, for two of his front teeth are missing.

• • •

Mind Your Eyes

It is the claim of H. A. Wright, of Devonshire House, Wigan Road, Bolton, that glasses can be "permanently discarded" if certain treatment is adopted. Mr. Wright, who describes himself as an "eye culture specialist," strongly boosts his own postal treatment, which he offers for 15s. 6d., and signs himself "Yours for perfect sight without glasses." Leave such dangerous quackery alone.

• • •

Cage Him!

A fine of £5, with two weeks' grace in which to pay, was the grossly inadequate punishment meted out to a boilermaker named Ludvig Sjoberb, at Stonehaven, the other day, when he pleaded guilty to confining five wild birds in cages which did not allow them full use of their wings. As a man who has been convicted of a similar offence before, he should have been made to taste some of the close confinement he inflicts upon the least harmful of God's creatures.

• • •

Easily Won Distinction

The National Association of Auctioneers, of 18, Golden Square, London, not only touts for members, but suggests that those who help to swell its ranks will be remembered when professional rewards are going. Then, recently, after steadfastly declaring that membership could only be obtained by examination, it actually admitted a casual applicant as a Fellow without question! F.N.A.A. looks very well after a professional man's name, but the practice of bestowing "degrees" in such a haphazard fashion is to be deplored.

CROOKED ARTIST'S WOMEN DUPES

A Sculptor's Granite Face

SOME time ago, a middle-aged lady, whose kindness of heart is one of her chief characteristics, paused on the Embankment to look at some drawings that were being exhibited there by a refined-looking young man, who was dolefully sitting beside them, hat in hand.

When the artist noted that the lady was focusing more than ordinary interest upon his work, he rose to his feet and respectfully approached her.

In rich, vibrant tones, he related a story that was both sad and dramatic, yet his eyes filled with happy expression when he declared that, once given a real chance, he would soon show that he was not afraid of hard work.

His name, he said, was Douglas Walter Bradbury, and he was an ex-officer who had served in the Royal Air Force during the war, but who had never had a fair chance since.

Deeply touched by this story, and anxious to save the cultured young man from his precarious position, the lady said she would see what could be done for him, and invited him to call upon her a little later on to discuss matters.

Kindness repaid!

Mr. Bradbury thanked her most earnestly, and duly presented himself at her home at Maida Vale, where she told him that she had arranged to find work for him in connection with a business she was about to start elsewhere.

For a time, Mr. Bradbury did well, and everybody who was introduced to him formed the opinion that he was a most accomplished and charming young man.

One day, however, he disappeared without a word as to the reason for his sudden departure, and his benefactress soon discovered that he had abused her generosity by robbing her.

The police were informed of the disgraceful manner in which this cultured crook had repaid the many kindnesses that had been shown to him, but Bradbury got to know that things were thus growing serious for him, and decided to bring all his wiles into play.

Tearful pleadings

Affecting complete contrition, he sought an interview with his benefactress, and humbly begged her forgiveness, declaring that he had acted in a moment of aberration, and would do anything humanly possible to atone for his sins.

He made much of the fact that his father, a much-respected and retired professional man, would be broken-hearted if he read of his son's lapse.

Though he readily admitted that he had been guilty of a mean and despicable fraud, he sought indulgence on the grounds that he was loth to bring his family name to disgrace.

So earnest and tearful were his pleadings that the lady decided to give him a second chance.

Bitten again

Once again he seemed to triumph for a while, and the lady began to feel that kindness had prevailed in place of the harsher law after all, and that Bradbury's good character would be reclaimed.

But Bradbury cherished a different conception of what a complete reformation should be.

As soon as he had re-established himself in the lady's confidence, he broke open her desk, and, after helping himself to her cheque-book and several other articles of value, decamped for the second time.

When the poor woman returned and found her home in disorder, she was forced to accept the bitter realisation that the man she had befriended was nothing more nor less than a hardened rogue.

So once more she had to interview the local police, and it can readily be imagined that this was not a very pleasant experience after she had only just prevailed upon them to abandon proceedings in the previous case.

She decided, however, on this second visit, to go through with the matter to the bitter end, and to steel herself against any further doleful pleas that Bradbury might make.

By the time she reached the police-station, though, the young rogue had been very busy. Several of the cheques from the stolen book had been converted into cash within an hour or two of their theft.

In one case he employed a very ingenious trick to cash a cheque for £12. He made it out himself to the credit of a person named "Wilcox," and, cleverly forging the signature of his benefactress, took the precaution of crossing it.

A few minutes before the close of banking hours he rushed into a tradesman's shop where he and the lady were both well known, and, stating that his employer had crossed the cheque in error, persuaded the tradesman to exchange it for an open one on his own account.

Impudent boast

By this ruse, Bradbury got the proceeds of his forged and worthless cheque a few seconds before the tradesman's bank closed its doors for the day.

Who, then, is this master rogue? To begin with, he is not an ex-officer, and has no right to use the honoured name of Bradbury.

Major Benks, Governor of Pentonville Prison, where Bradbury spent a brief "holiday" a year or so ago

His real name is Douglas Sparks, and he hails from Chester, where he has been a source of great trouble to his people. He is a sculptor by profession, and an excellent penman; but in spite of these gifts he prefers to live by his wits.

His victims are mostly women, and doleful pleas for a "real chance" form his chief stock in trade. On occasion he has passed as "Jack Sparkes" and "Jimmy Sparks."

He has been heard to boast that it is quite easy nowadays for a "wanted" man to avoid the police by keeping to certain hiding-places in the East End of London well known to him.

He is certainly lying low at the moment, and we think that the authorities should hasten to disprove his impudent contention.

FORTUNE FAVOURS BRAVE MOTHER

We Pay £2,000—*And Offer £4,000!*

"CAN'T do your homework? Nonsense, child—why you haven't even tried. Make the effort. You'll never make a man unless you do."

Most children jib at homework, but not every woman has the courage to tackle the familiar problem like this. But Mrs. Nellie Dufton, who struggles bravely against her difficulties in her home at 90, Errol Street, Aigburth, Liverpool, is a very uncommon mother indeed.

Mrs. Dufton

The incident is typical of the sturdy attitude towards life of this middle-aged but sprightly woman, with greying hair and vigorous opinions.

And what, you may ask, is the significance of Mrs. Dufton's spartan determination?

Simply this. The very words she used to urge her little son Douglas to face his difficulties came back to her when she was indulging in her one weekly amusement—making up "Bullets."

"Make the effort! You'll never make a man unless you do."

Now you can see for yourself how Mrs. Dufton came to choose the Example "Makes a Man" and to add the words to form her "Bullet"—The "Effort" Not "Prize."

A little drama

She was merely speaking from her own experience of life, adding sparkle to her comment by neatly chosen phrasing. For those four simple words this hard-working mother received last week the staggering sum of £2,000.

How she heard the news of her success is a little drama in itself. A telegraph boy knocked at the door one Friday afternoon—and not for one moment did she associate that telegram with JOHN BULL.

Her mind flew to her husband, a painter, whose work had taken him right down into Cornwall. She thought of the dangerous illness from which he had only just recovered and for the moment her courage failed her. "Open it! Open it!" she told the messenger, shakily.

What a wonderful relief to find that nothing ailed her husband! And what unbounded joy to know that a big "Bullets" prize had come at last to level out for her the rocky road of life.

"Folk say," said Mrs. Dufton, "they suppose I'll have a motor-car and so on, now I've got £2,000. I'm a careful sort, though—never brought up to do much spending.

"But there is one thing I should like and that's a house. The rooms we've got at this address are nice enough, but they're only rooms. It isn't the same as having your own home to yourself."

Way to wealth

There is not a single JOHN BULL reader who could not have thought of the four words which have made our prize-winner such a rich woman. And the few words which carry off this week's record-breaking prize of £4,000 will probably be just as simple. You could think of them.

But, to borrow words from Mrs. Dufton's "Bullet," you *must* make the effort if you want the £4,000 prize to make you.

Pages 42 and 43 show you the way to wealth.

COUGHS
Colds & Chills

are bad enough in themselves, but the real danger is in their liability to develop into Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Influenza, or even Consumption, unless the system is equipped to withstand these more dangerous illnesses. Warm clothing is not sufficient to protect you from the effects of the treacherous weather, because the attack comes from inside. The cold air you breathe strikes directly upon the delicate membrane of the throat and lungs, and sets up inflammation. If not promptly checked, the inflammation will spread to the bronchial tubes, and set up Bronchitis and Asthma.

A few glasses of Wincarnis will speedily enable you to overcome these ill effects because Wincarnis gives you inner warmth—natural warmth—and at the same time creates new rich blood and sends it dancing through your veins, flooding your system with new health—new vigour—new vitality and new life.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

NOW REDUCED IN PRICE TO 5/- & 3/-

(These Prices do not apply to the Irish Free State.)

Aldwych W.D. 4/28

When it's cold— serve it HOT!

Cold mornings are here again—warm breakfasts are the order of the day. This need not mean a lot of extra work and cooking for the housewife if she serves Shredded Wheat with HOT milk. It is quick—it is cheap, it is good. Boil up the milk and the meal is ready. Shredded Wheat needs no cooking. Every shred is pure whole wheat.

SHREDDED WHEAT

EIGHTPENCE

1/- DOWN THE FINEST SOUNDBOX IN THE WORLD

A WONDERFUL INVENTION

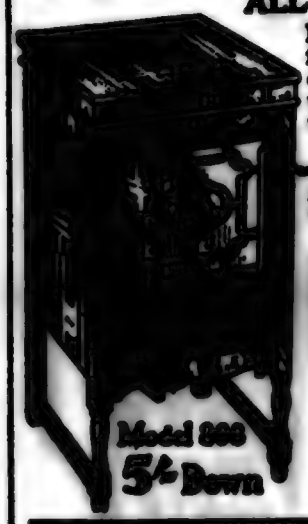
Doubles the Volume and Purity

VITA-PHONIC SUPER SOUNDBOX

UNIVERSAL SALES CO. (Dept. J.B.4), 27, Mitre House, 177, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Pay as you please for either of these

ALL-BRITISH GRAMOPHONES



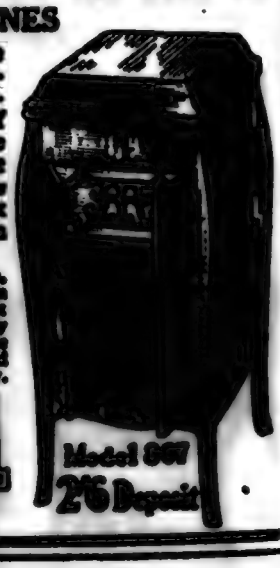
Entirely new models, fitted with the famous Mead All-Metal Soundchamber, and unequalled for volume, definition and richness of tone. You can have either of these on our *new easy instalment plan which allows you to choose your own way of payment.* Sent carriage paid to your door on

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

15 different instruments to select from, including Table-Grands, enclosed horn and cabinet models and lightweight Portables from 35/- cash, or on very simple credit terms. Full details are given in our new season's Illustrated Catalogue. Send for a FREE copy to-day.

Mead

Company (Dept. G 254), Spartbrook, Birmingham.



First Prize Mystery
in Famous Ballot
"FAERY PRINCE" FLAPDOODLE
Who IS Mrs. Chandler?

A FEW weeks ago an interesting story was related in a daily newspaper regarding the happy experience of a London woman, who had been fortunate enough to win the first prize of £1,000 in a ballot run in aid of certain London hospitals.

In this printed account of her sudden good fortune, the prizewinner was described as an "invalid widow" named Mrs. Chandler, and her address was given as being in Westbourne Grove, London, W.

The public was told how, denied physical activities, the widow had entered the second Metropole Records Hospital Ballot, without any great hope of winning.

This ballot was conducted by the British Charities Association, of 103, Kingsway, London, an organisation which has done much useful work in the cause of charity, on behalf of the Metropole Gramophone Company, Ltd., of Metropole House, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

Popular prizewinner

Entrants were required to purchase a 3s. gramophone record made by the latter company, and to set forth on a ballot form supplied with each purchase what they anticipated would be the eight best-sellers in order of popularity.

As first-prize winner, Mrs. Chandler enjoyed considerable popularity, particularly as she was stated to have "faced the grim aspects of life," and because the £1,000 which had come to her "opened for her new and hopeful vistas of strength and happiness."

Apart from the publicity she achieved in the Press, the official story of her triumph was set forth in the *Metropole Record*, the house organ of the Metropole Gramophone Company, Ltd., for the benefit of other subscribers to the ballot.

The report opened by reminding readers how, in story-books, the faery Princess is always rescued from her tribulations by a faery Prince, but that such a happy ending does not often crown the dramas of real life.

"However, it has happened to Mrs. Chandler," it continued, "a pretty, dainty little woman, with a complexion that one usually associates with the Sleeping Beauty, who has had the misfortune for the last three or four years to be what one might almost call a complete invalid.

"So, all unknowingly, the Metropolo Gramophone Company stepped into the rôle of Faery Prince."

Genteel poverty

When the representative of the company called upon Mrs. Chandler, it appears, he did not even dare to mention that she had won.

All that he dared to do was to tell "this beautiful and fragile little person, agitated at the presence of a stranger on an unusual errand," that there was some money coming to her.

And how poor she was! In the course of her conversation, we are told, she remarked that the poor were not only those who beg in the streets, but those who wore winter coats in the summer time to cover their rags.

She was well qualified to voice her views on poverty, apparently, for the company further told unsuccessful ballot entrants that she had been forced to live in straitened circumstances, which did not tend to

The Marquis of Winchester, Chairman of the Metropole Gramophone Co., Ltd., whom we urge to insist upon new rules for the conduct of future ballots

restore to health this delicate, country-bred woman.

"Fortunately," the report concluded, "her doctor is a sympathetic man, who realised that the usual advice 'Feed up and don't worry' was useless in her case, and he encouraged her to occupy her mind with other things."

Some shocks

Thus it was, with a listless longing for something to do, she entered the ballot which was to change the whole course of her career.

This was all very soothing for unsuccessful competitors, but it came as rather a shock to one or two people to whom the lucky prizewinner was known in private life.

No doubt the story was published in all good faith, but we are afraid that the company was sadly misled.

In the first place, Mrs. Chandler is not a widow, and, until the result of the ballot was known, resided at the Westbourne Grove address for some months with a gentleman named Chandler, who passed as her husband.

Secondly, her trials and tribulations were not noticeable to other people residing in the vicinity.

Far from concealing rags beneath a winter coat in summer, Mrs. Chandler was always smartly attired, from the hat which crowned her wealth of golden hair to the shoes which encased her dainty feet.

So neat was she, in fact, that she became known as "the little piece of Dresden china." Moreover, there was nothing in her manner to suggest that she was a "complete invalid."

Who, then, is this mysterious "widow"? This question is best answered by looking a little more closely into one or two events which took place during her residence at Westbourne Grove.

Dramatic turn

After she had lived there with Mr. Chandler for some time she was visited on several occasions by a gentleman known as Mr. Heat, who was familiarly referred to as "Lionel."

Sometimes, too, this gentleman would ring her up on the telephone and intimate conversations would ensue. Then, with the close of the ballot competition, matters took a dramatic turn.

On the day following a visit made by an official of the Metropole Gramophone Company, Ltd., to inform Mrs. Chandler of her success, Mr. Chandler paid the rent to date and explained that it was necessary for them to leave.

The landlady, rather puzzled at this sudden move, met with a still greater surprise when she later encountered Mrs. Chandler in the street, engaged in animated conversation with Mr. Heat.

On the day following this encounter the result of the ballot competition appeared in the Press, with the touching story of the "invalid widow," the "faery prince," and the £1,000 fortune.

What is the explanation of this mystery? We have already exploded a number of the touching claims associated with this woman, but the real truth must come as a bombshell when we reveal the fact that she has no claim to the name of Chandler at all, and that she is really the wife of Mr. Heat, the casual visitor to the Westbourne Grove establishment.

Stinging statement

But even this does not complete our revelations. Mr. Heat, her real husband, has been a member of the ballot staff of the British Charities Association, which conducted this particular ballot, for several years!

Very properly, the landlady and others, realising that, even in the absence of definite collusion, such a position ought not to remain unchallenged, brought the facts to the notice of the Metropole Gramophone Company, Ltd.

Lord Knutsford, Chairman of the British Charities Association

The considered view of one of its officials is expressed in a letter on the subject which he wrote some time later, and which contains the following remarkable passage:

"Nobody is going to be punished in any way at all, but it is apparent that collusion, conspiracy, call it what you will, has taken place."

The British Charities Association and the Gramophone Company have doubtless done all in their power to get to the bottom of this matter, and have investigated to the full the ugly suggestions arising out of Mr. Heat's position and his relationship with the first prizewinner.

In fact, they went so far as to withhold the payment of the cheque until the completion of their investigations.

Clear the Air!

If their rules allowed of relatives of their various officials to enter the competition, they are, of course, powerless to deprive Mrs. Heat of her prize in the absence of strict proof that collusion or something of the sort had taken place, which the British Charities Association is now satisfied has not occurred.

It would, however, clear the air considerably if the British Charities Association and the Gramophone Company would publish an official statement on the matter in the next issue of the *Metropole Record*.

Meanwhile, we note that a further ballot has been organised on precisely the same lines, the final rule of which stipulates that "no member of the staff of the British Charities Association, or of the Metropole Gramophone Company, Ltd., will be allowed to compete, or to benefit from any of the prizes."

But what of the wives or relatives of staff employees?

In view of the circumstances we have just dealt with, it would surely be advisable to extend this rule to preclude any person closely associated with a ballot employee or official from benefiting under the scheme.

The British Charities Association should also consider the advisability of instituting some enumeration scheme whereby a full check can be kept upon every entry.

MONEY FOR COUPONS

BANDMASTER Cigarettes revolutionise coupon collecting schemes

By offering real cash in exchange for coupons

Don't miss this opportunity to make money

Every smoker in the family is eligible. There is no competition; no skill required; no picture puzzles or entry forms—nothing to do but *buy, smoke and enjoy BANDMASTER cigarettes . . . . and save cash coupons!*

★ Money—not gifts

When you've collected the right number—and it's surprising how quickly they add up if you smoke Bandmasters regularly—you just send them by post to the manufacturers and in return you receive *the dibs—good hard cash—REAL MONEY!* SMOKE BANDMASTERS BECAUSE YOU *LIKE* THEM . . . AND BECAUSE THEY MEAN *MONEY!*

BUY A PACKET OF BANDMASTERS TO-DAY!

The sooner you start smoking Bandmasters, the quicker you'll make your money.

Once you start, you'll stick to Bandmasters because they're such jolly good smokes—straight cut purest Virginia Tobacco made by people who have been making first-class cigarettes for years. And the price—4d. for 10, and 8d. for 20.

SMOKE BANDMASTERS—

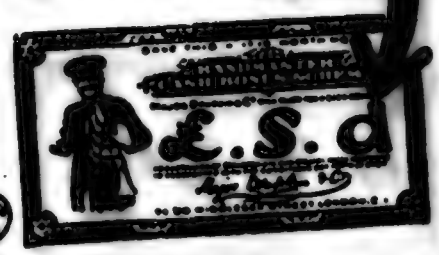
You'll save money and make money!

BANDMASTER

Cigarettes—Straight Cut Virginia

20 for 8d

10 for 4d



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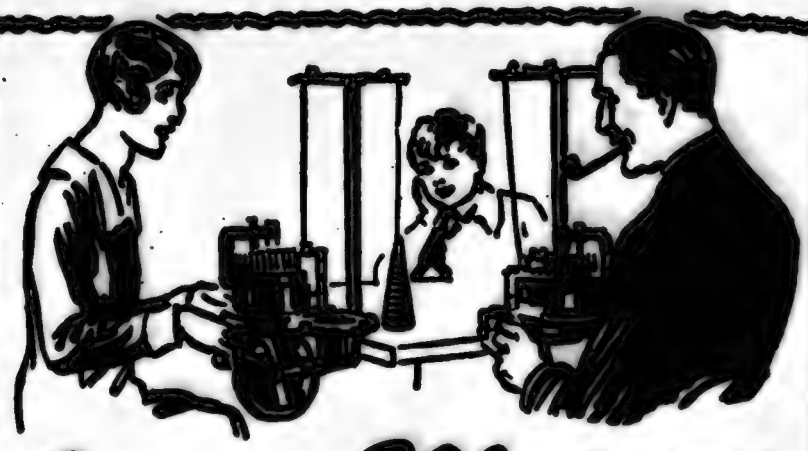

Earn Money at home like this

The IMPERIA KNITTER enables you to make money in your own home with certainty and regularity—money to save if you work only now and then, money to live on in comfort if you make it your occupation. You can learn to work the Imperia Knitter in a day, and the next day you can be earning. Nothing could be simpler than the working of the Imperia Knitter, and nothing more perfect than the work it turns out. All sorts of beautiful and useful things can be made on the Imperia Knitter—Hosiery, Underwear, Jumpers, Knitted Costumes. There is no risk about it, no worry, no uncertainty of any kind, because—

We Guarantee to Buy Your Work

and pay the best rates. At the same time you can sell to private customers and shops as well if you want to, and so build up a splendid little home business with a sure income for life. Even in spare time it is easy to make a pound or more a week. You may do a little now and then and have money to save or you can make it your occupation and earn a **Good and Regular Income**, as hundreds are doing. Always there is the certainty that your work will be bought as fast as you produce it. Our **Work Buying Guarantee** goes with every machine, the cost is most moderate, and if you desire it easy terms can be arranged.

Read what others are doing

The following are extracts from letters recently received. The Originals and hundreds of others may be seen at our Showrooms.

"I can honestly say that the Imperia Knitter is the best and easiest way to accomplish security, independence and money-making in comfort at home. As soon as people see the quality of work done, orders come in quickly for all kinds of knitted wear." —(*Mr.*) *G. H., Haydock, near St. Helens.*

"I find the Imperia Knitter very simple and easy to work and it knits so beautifully you have no trouble to sell your work. I make jumpers, vests and children's clothes that sell at once and have school orders for long stockings and turn-over-tops at prices showing me a profit of from 2/- to 2/6 a pair."—(*Mrs.*) *E. R., Bournemouth.*

"I am pleased to inform you that I have had most satisfactory results with the Imperia Knitter. I have made a large quantity of children's garments with it which I find most profitable work. I have had so many private orders I have not been able to send you any of my work. The machine works beautifully and the stitches are all so even."—(*Mrs.*) *F. H., Shawford, Hants.*

"The Imperia Knitter is a real boon to all who wish to increase their income. The work is very interesting and simple. I have a child of 10 who can work the Imperia Knitter easily. An Imperia Knitter in the home means never to be short of money. It brightens up the workingman's home and is a way to independence."—(*Mrs.*) *R. P., Ffrwd, near Wrexham.*

"Since having an Imperia Knitter I have earned on an average £2 a week on private orders made during the evenings. I am continually getting repeat orders and my connection is increasing due to the reputation I have regarding the length of time the goods last."—(*Mr.*) *F. W. R., Wandsworth.*

"I had not had the Imperia Knitter long when I had to refuse an order from a Glasgow business man for 1,040 pairs of socks, as I had too many private orders on hand. I never regret getting the Imperia Knitter and I must say it is a very good investment for anybody, especially those with a family to provide for."—(*Mrs.*) *S., Beetle.*

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Call If You Can.

Write If You Can't.

But Get the IMPERIA BOOK

(Free for Coupon) and learn about THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Don't Miss This Opportunity

In your own interests you should know the facts about this wonderful proposition, and our BIG FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK will tell you. It really is a wonderful proposition, a sure income for man or woman at all times, and freedom from money worries and the risk of unemployment.

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To THE IMPERIA HOSIERY MFG. CO. LTD.

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Please send me FREE and without obligation your ILLUSTRATED BOOK giving full particulars of the Imperia Knitter Home-Work Scheme and your Work-Buying Guarantee.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Candid Communications

to People who Deserve Them

The Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P., Secretary for the Dominions.

Dear Sir,—If "there was no secrecy and no treaty" with France, why did the Government not take the country into its confidence? Talk about "not shouting the matter from the housetops" is ridiculous when the whole fabric of the League of Nations rests upon the good will, not of Governments, but of peoples. This superior, Sultanesque attitude of being above the mind of the people has absolutely nothing in common with present-day democracy. It brought the world to a pretty pass in 1914, and the country is not in a temper to have it continued. John Bull.

The Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, Minister of Labour.

Dear Sir,—I read of two Scottish miners who, on the instructions of the employment exchange, were sent all the way to Kent, to find, on their arrival, that there was only sufficient work awaiting them to keep them employed for one day. Consequently they had to trudge it home again, a journey of three hundred miles! Who was responsible for this idiotic and cruel blundering? An official who could needlessly put workers to such an ordeal deserves to be made to tramp it barefoot from John o'Groats to Land's End. John Bull.

Sir WILLIAM HORWOOD, K.C.B., D.S.O., Commissioner of Metropolitan Police.

Dear Sir,—Your contention that a woman cannot be sufficiently trained to equip her for really responsible police work is one to which I cannot subscribe. Of course, it would be absurd to expect her to effect the arrest of a desperado, but the cleansing of our streets and the saving of the bodies and souls of girls are of even greater value to the State, and this is a duty for which women are particularly fitted. I look to your successor to take the wider view, and to increase the women police force of the Metropolis.
John Bull.

Mr. S. SAMUEL, M.P., Berkeley House, Hay Hill, W.

Dear Sir,—Your silly outburst of farcical nonsense against the United States of America must have made your leader, Mr. Baldwin, wish for a muzzling order against M.P.s who go about addressing Party organisations. Chatter about "playing us false," "attempts at domination," and the rest of the farago may be regarded as merely vexatious mosquito-buzzing, and hardly worth the attention of serious people. But, in your own interests as a politician, you will be well advised to gain a better idea of what is really happening internationally before you begin to talk again. John Bull.

The EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G., G.C.V.O., Carlton House Terrace, S.W.

My Lord,—Hearty congratulations on the Knighthood of the Order of the Garter recently conferred on you by His Majesty the King. It is no small thing to be acknowledged as the leading sportsman of a sports-loving nation, and the fact that you are respected by people of all casts and creeds proves you to be worthy of the position that you hold. Were I invited to point to the living representation of the mythical John Bull, I should have no hesitation in indicating your lordship. John Bull.

The MAGISTRATES, Solihull.

Gentlemen,—When a man who saw a stray dog knocked down by a motor-car took it home and cared for it, you promptly fined him 2s. 6d. for not informing the police. This is a poor way of teaching the ignorant the law, and still worse as an inculcation of kindness. I suggest that you return the fine. It would only be British decency. John Bull.

To Mr. CHESTERTON, Factory Manager, Louth.

Dear Sir,—When a girl in your glove factory saw a little child in the canal, and was rushing to save it because she could swim, you stopped her, doubting her story. Similarly other girls were prevented, because "you thought it was a dog, not a child, in the water." I do not envy your feelings at the inquest on the two-year-old child whose dead body was afterwards recovered. But for your reprehensive interference, a little life might have been saved. I have no words to express my contempt for you. John Bull.

The Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MacDONALD, Upper Frognal Lodge, Frognal, N.W.

Dear Sir,—Your speech in Berlin has been acclaimed in two continents. It is approved by your political enemies no less than your friends. "The sooner we get the shadows of the great war off the stage of European politics" is a sentiment thinking folk approve. Old hatreds and old antagonisms must die that the world may

"You still hold behind your back a mean little dagger"

live. There is no sentiment so hateful nor so destructive of all human well-being as revenge. This was plainly shown in your plea for peace before the German Reichstag.

What plain men cannot understand is why, with such a handsome olive-branch held out for one-time powerful enemies abroad, you still hold behind your back in your left hand a mean little dagger for small one-time political enemies at home?

Here are two Parties, both pledged to peace, and social progress, who, instead of combining for the common good, indulge in personal spite, recriminations and invective that serve no end whatever but to split the progressive vote.

It is hardly conceivable that this is because each of the two leaders hate to give the other an inch, but it begins to look uncommonly like it.
John Bull.

Mr. BOWMAN, Chairman, Easthampstead Guardians.

Dear Sir,—Because a disgruntled old man of sixty made a few unfounded allegations against the infirmary staff, your Board ordered him to be placed on bread and water for a week, to forfeit his tobacco for six months, and his leave for a year. I trust that this high-handed proceeding will be questioned in the proper quarter. It is news to me that guardians of the poor can arrogantly usurp the duties of a magistrate and sentence poor old men to punishment for a few foolish remarks.
John Bull.

Mr. WILLIAM HENRY JEFFRIES, The Stowage, Deptford.

Dear Sir,—Your action at the Bridge Street fire, when you gripped a twelve-months-old baby in your teeth and climbed down with it from a fourth-storey window by way of a stack-pipe to safety was a piece of heroism of which few would have been capable. It caused you intense pain, and left you collapsed and shaken, but it proved you a man really worthy of the name. Shake!
John Bull.

Mr. EVERARD SHEPHERD, Mill Cottage, The Dell, Hornchurch.

Dear Sir,—Sighting some children blackberrying near your home, you took twelve-year-old Marie Dowers into your garden, removed her clothing, and spanked her. For this disgusting bit of illegal despotism, the Romford magistrates let you off with a fine of £3 and £3 6s. costs, which, though erring astoundingly on the side of leniency, should serve to teach you not to take the law into your own hands, and that the modesty of young girls is not to be wounded with impunity. What you really needed, of course, was a dose of prison, and a Bench with any sense of responsibility would have seen that you got it. John Bull.

Straight from the Shoulder

Sir William Joynson Hicks:—"The Home Secretary is exposed to every kind of attack."

Because the Home Secretary leaves unattacked the evils he ought to attack.

• • •

Mr. Amery:—"We have striven for peace."

But not very hard!

• • •

Mr. Hoover:—"Debt payments to America are not 'wrung from the life blood of other countries.'"

War let out the life blood. War debts are the harrows that keep open the sores.

• • •

Madame Feng:—"How can we believe in Christianity when Christian sects in China quarrel among themselves on doctrine?"

Only as we can in Britain, by forgetting sects and doctrine and remembering Christianity's undoctrinal Founder.

• • •

Canon J. O. Hannay:—"Jeremiah was not invariably right in his denunciations."

But he wasn't often wrong in what he denounced.

• • •

Prof. P. J. Noel Baker:—"What is to be done for peace must be done quickly."

And ungrudgingly and efficiently and finally.

• • •

Mr. A. E. Whitlock:—"London teachers show a lack of interest in sport."

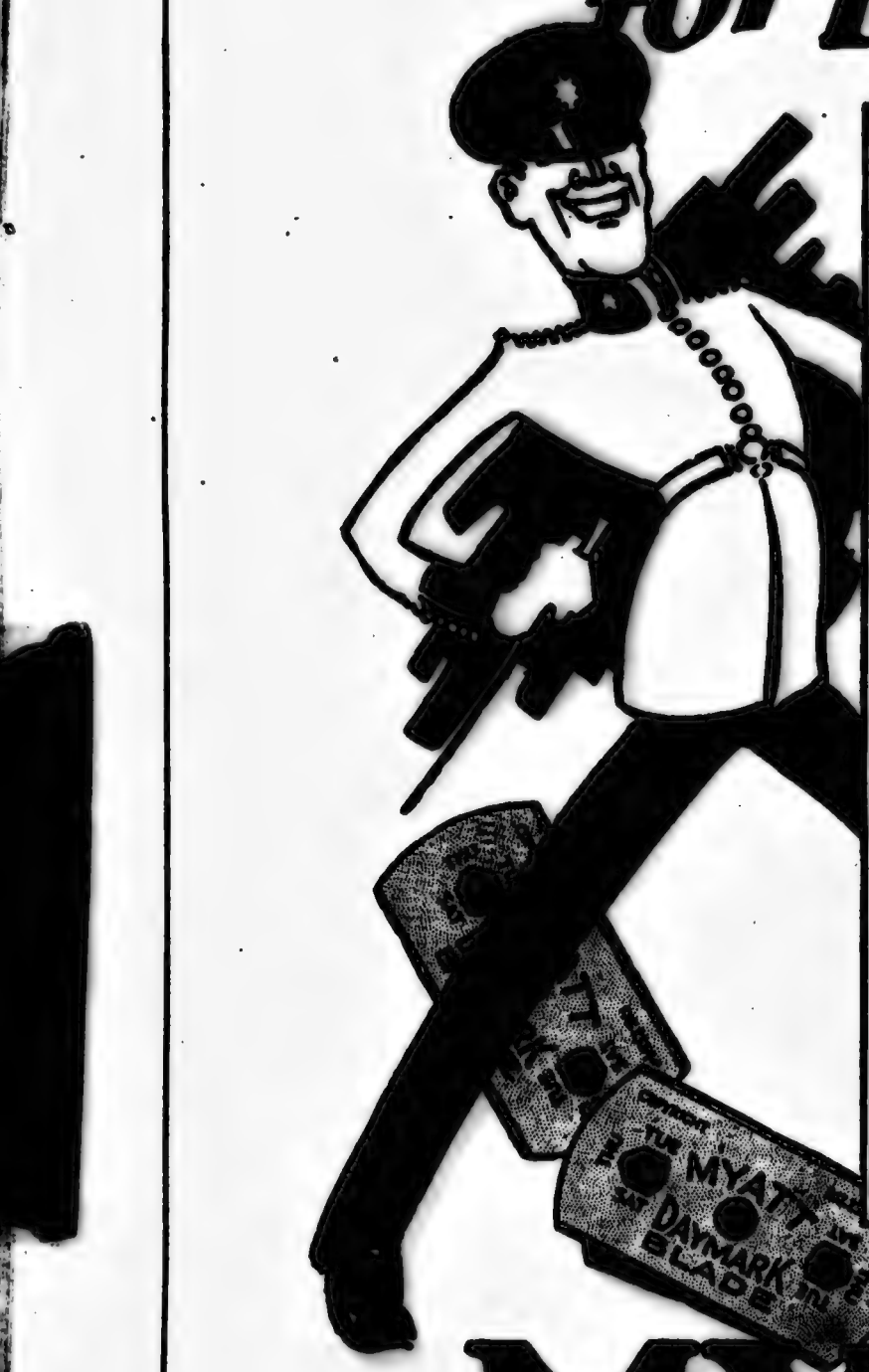
Perhaps because London shows lack of green spots in which to be sportive.

• • •

Dean Inge:—"The working man sees more clearly than educated persons the absurdity of international hatred and jealousy."

Which proves that he's the one that's really educated, doesn't it?

British Blades for British Tommies



War Office Contract for Myatt Daymark Blades

Made in Birmingham with Sheffield Steel

The first War Office contract ever awarded to an English firm for the supply of safety razors and blades to the Army has been secured by W. J. Myatt & Co., Ltd., of Birmingham.

It is only a few weeks since this firm secured a similar contract from H.M. Office of Works.

No more conclusive evidence could be afforded of the merits of the British Myatt Blade and the exclusive 'Daymarking' principle that has made its reputation.

The 'Myatt' is the only safety razor blade in the world marked with the days of the week in such a way that each edge can be used and rested in turn.

'Daymarking' maintains the keenness and temper of the blade and ensures that it keeps in tip-top condition for a longer period than any other make.

MYATT

PATENT DAYMARK **BLADES**

MADE IN ENGLAND SOLD EVERYWHERE

1/3 FOR FIVE

Sole Manufacturers:
W. J. MYATT & CO., LTD.
ARGENT WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

WE DON'T CARE TWO STRAWS!

The Evaded Vision

"MEN and women are thinking to-day, and they have vision." The words are Mr. Baldwin's. The occasion was the opening of a magnificent new group of municipal buildings at Dudley.

It is a good thing for a town to have a worthy and noble civic centre. It stands, as Mr. Baldwin pointed out, as a symbol. Behind the broad, deep halls, the fine mullioned windows, light and commodious court and session rooms is the spirit of service.

Mr. Baldwin evidently had this in mind when he declared open those buildings which are the result of co-operation between the trustees of Mr. Brooke Robinson, late Member for the borough, subscribers to the war memorial, and the Corporation itself.

It was not a double dose of original sin that led to the building of those horrible portions of towns known as slums; it was a want of vision. Mr. Baldwin might, with equal truth, have added that it was want of knowledge.

When the older portions of our towns were built, the ignorance on simple matters of health, hygiene and sanitation was appalling.

We know better to-day. Education has made an enormous advance. Science and invention have put at our disposal illimitable resources. We know the value of space, fresh air and sunshine.

TO have vision is simply to see the possibility of harnessing our vast resources and, instead of making them a crushing burden, using them for the welfare of human life.

Sheffield, for instance, dreams of getting her hospitals out into the country, where pure air and quiet may help surgeons and nurses in bringing healing and health. Except for out-patients and quick ambu'ance work, all hospitals should be away from noisy cities, in the peace of the country.

Other visions show clean towns with streets that are not narrow, noisy, dusty thoroughfares, but tree-lined avenues where even children find a grassy spot on which to stray.

Co-operation in this direction would gradually solve the traffic problem. It would send the roaring stream of commercial life along well-defined routes, and we should have classified order instead of the inextricable chaos that takes such terrible toll of human life.

The fact that the vision has been seen means that some, at least, are beginning to think it out. Others of the thinking men and women to whom Mr. Baldwin referred have seen a vision of the broad, green acres of British land set free for the use of the British people.

UNTIL that vision is realised, we shall wait in vain for that other vision of adequate and wholesome housing of the poor to materialise. We ourselves have a vision of a country freed from unemployment while ever there remains a job of useful work to be done.

This vision includes the substitution of wages for the "dole." It shows the housewife freed from gnawing anxiety, and it certainly does not admit the scandal of children pale with want and hunger in a land of plenty.

There are visions of fine, well-equipped schools, of solid provision for motherhood and old age—but why go on? When Mr. Baldwin said that men and women to-day were thinking, and they had visions, he either meant they saw things like these or he meant nothing at all.

Fine civic buildings are a symbol of these things, but they need the right kind of Government to help to carry them out. Whatever Government takes the first forward step, that way is the one for us, and that is the Government we back.

For the rest, we don't care two straws whether it dubs itself Liberal, Labour or Conservative.

OF NO INTEREST

(Registered unemployed figures are now 1,319,700)

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., Prime Minister

MUZZLES

For Teachers

A DARING attempt to muzzle teachers has failed. A few months ago sixty elementary school teachers met at Geneva, the very home of the League of Nations, to discuss an educational programme for the elementary school children of Switzerland.

Discussing the welfare of youth from all angles, these teachers passed a resolution demanding the suppression of the military budget and constructive use for the money this would set free.

The most violent attacks followed. The teachers were denounced in the Press, and trounced by those in authority. It was denied that school teachers had any right to criticise.

The teachers replied by founding the Teachers' Anti-Militarist Union and by signing the banned resolution. Already more than a thousand signatures have been attached to a document demanding the disbanding of the Swiss army.

It is significant of the new and hopeful spirit abroad in the world.

The Human Machine

Do It Well!

I HEARD it said of a man the other day that he had too many irons in the fire.

So he had. But that was not the real trouble with him. His trouble was that he had too little fire!

He was messing about with so many details that he had completely lost sight of the thing he had set out to do.

He was not heating his irons in the fire. He was not even poking the fire. He was merely raking about in the ashes—and even these were nearly dead.

It doesn't much matter how many things you do—so long as you are doing one of them really well.

It matters a great deal if you are doing a lot of things—and doing them all badly.

As a matter of fact, you will nearly always find that unless a thing is worth doing well it is not worth doing at all.

SHOPS WITHOUT WINDOWS

by A. G. GARDINER

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, who made a strong appeal to British manufacturers to give foreign customers what they want instead of what they think they ought to have

Too Modest by Half!

I WELCOME the appointment of the Committee on Salesmanship under the chairmanship of Mr. F. W. Goodenough as a hopeful sign. No one who travels abroad can doubt that in the arts and crafts of publicity we are beaten out of the field in many directions.

I have seen shops in out-of-the-way Italian villages stocked with goods from America and Germany, and without a sign that an English competitor was in the field.

Everyone will recall the Prince of Wales' appeal, after his visit to South America, to manufacturers to study their customers, to give them what they want in the way they want it, as Germany and America do, instead of in our take-it-or-leave-it way.

But, while improved methods of salesmanship are important, they are only one aspect of the crisis through which the trade of this country is passing. I do not want to exaggerate that crisis. When all is said we are still the greatest exporting country. We are building more ships than all the rest of the world put together.

Even the depressed cotton trade is exporting as much cotton manufactures as all the rest of the world. Our new industries are thriving, and engineering, though depressed, has many bright spots.

We must fight

But if there is no cause for panic, there is grave cause to brace ourselves for the struggle. The Board of Trade returns for September are down; the unemployment figures are up. We are being hammered right and left by powerful rivals.

Everywhere, in France, in Japan, in Italy, there is a fierce spirit of industrial activity abroad, aided by the crude nationalism that has been aggravated by the war and the crazy patchwork of tariff walls behind which that nationalism shelters itself.

We have got to fight for our place in the sun, and if we are to hold it we must adapt ourselves to the new conditions of the world struggle.

It is idle to think we can weather the storm and win the port by embarking again on that antiquated derelict, Protection. That would be turning our face to the darkness, not to the light.

Sound sense

On this point some excellent sound sense was uttered a few days ago by Mr. Alfred Taylor, director of Armstrong Whitworths, at a meeting of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Glasgow.

There could be no doubt, he said, that obsolete plants were one cause of the loss of competitive power in overseas markets from which we were suffering. Government assistance to such plants only aggravated the mischief. And he went on:

"Industrial or other groups have no moral or other right to appeal to the Government for protection until they have fully tested out their own ability to meet outside competition, and this can only be done by putting all plant-equipment and factories in as up to date a condition as possible."

This goes to the core of the matter. It is efficiency that will win the battle, and Protection is the weapon of inefficiency.

It is the brains, the steam-power, the readiness to scrap obsolete machines and obsolete methods—in a word, the large statesmanship of industry which is behind American and German competition.

On this point I have been reading an illuminating book by Mr. Walter Meakin, "The New Industrial Revolution" (Gollancz), which deals with "rationalisation" in industry and the astonishing post-war achievements of Germany.

An amazing "close-up"

The story of "rationalisation" in Germany is full of urgent meanings for us. Germany, left with the wreckage of a defeated empire on its hands, set about the most stupendous reconstruction of industry in history. It threw all its pre-war traditions on the scrap-heap.

From this large-scale action results have flowed—co-operative research on the grand scale; co-operative buying at lower cost; vast co-operative selling campaigns impossible to the small competitive concerns; the elimination of unproductive concerns and the concentration on new inventions; improved production; regulated output; in a word, a whole science of commerce and industry.

I have before me a letter from a correspondent who has spent some time in the Ruhr, and who gives an amazing "close up" of this revolution as it affects Krupps, who, after the war, cut their losses, forgot all about big guns, and turned over their vast business to the construction of the multitudinous requirements of peace.

In a sense, defeat was a blessing in disguise to Germany. The country touched bottom in one terrific plunge and began fighting for life with the desperation of a man who has the rope round his neck. We, under the illusion that victory in war meant economic victory, have been floundering in the old paths of inefficiency for ten years.

Mobs—or mobilisation

We are still under that illusion. America is not; Japan is not; France is not. Each of these in its own way has followed the German lead into the new realm of co-operative, big-scale, organised production.

The only break in our obstinate resistance to this startling new orientation of industry is in the chemical trade. There, thanks to the inspiration and courage of Lord Melchett, a brilliant lead has been given into the new path.

And, fortunately, the lead has been taken with the sanction and full co-operation of Labour. For rationalisation is not a capitalists' creed. It is an industrial creed, and its very essence involves that it must be endorsed by Labour and carry the mind of Labour with it at every stage.

It is only in this way that the fatal and suicidal war between Capital and Labour can be ended.

It is not suggested that rationalisation has no dangers and no limits. There is in it the danger that it may develop into an agreed policy of Capital and Labour against the consumer. It is the function of the State to safeguard the public against that.

Nor is it applicable to every industry. But in the great basic industries, which live or die by their capacity to hold their own in the world market, this principle of co-operation is imperative. It is imperative in the coal industry, in iron and steel, in cotton.

The world is mobilising fast against us in every theatre of industry. We must mobilise too. We cannot fight the organised armies of industry with disorganised mobs.

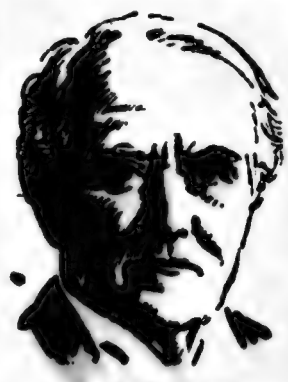
A NET FOR ...

Hard Labo...thing

By The Rt. Hon. ...

IT is most amazing that, with our modern civilisation, we should still have to think out plans for the creating of laws, national and international, for the control of the white slave traffic.

It seems well-nigh incredible that we should still have such a human disgrace in our midst, and what is worse, still treat it with pious indifference, or with minds resigned to its inevitability in certain sections of social life.



Lord Parmoor

The first international movement for the suppression of traffic in women came into some prominence in pre-war days, when Mr. Alexander Coote in England, and Senator Berenger in France, made a spirited appeal to all countries on the question.

Their work resulted in the signing of an international agreement by twelve nations, all European, in Paris, as far back as 1904.

In 1914, the American came into the field of enquiry, and under the influence and work of Dr. Abraham Flexner, made some notable and extensive investigations in Europe.

Naturally, the war interfered with this type of international work, but the League of Nations revived it by creating Article 23, which entrusted the League with supervision of all agreements with regard to the traffic in women and children.

NOW there is an officer attached to the League secretariat, whose duty it is to co-ordinate all matters relating to the traffic throughout the world.

The initial work at Geneva led to an international conference being held in June, 1921, which was attended by the official representatives of thirty-four nations.

Governments of the representative nations were asked to make annual reports on the traffic in women and children, and to suggest measures to check it internationally.

In England, because of the partial inadequacy of present legislation, I have been working on a new Bill to deal with the matter far more drastically.

This Bill will deal hardly, as is just, with

The GRIM TRUTH

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Charfield Need Not Have Been

Lord Monkswell, who says: "It would be a complete mistake to suppose that the railway companies have done or are now doing everything that can reasonably be expected of them to avoid accidents"

THE terrible railway disaster at Charfield need never have happened. Whatever is the truth about the immediate responsibility for the incredible lack of co-ordination between drivers and signalmen, the ultimate responsibility rests very clearly with the railway companies who, ever since I can remember, have shown an astounding perversity with regard to the adoption of safeguards against precisely this sort of thing.

Before I come to the real point at issue, let me remind you of the fact that, in this year of grace 1928, our main line expresses in many cases are still gas lit. Yet who does not remember years and years ago the terrible smash at Hawes Junction in which fire added to the terrors of the accident simply because of the explosion of the gas cylinders on the gas-lit trains?

Who does not remember the outcry from end to end of the country against this out-of-date method of lighting trains? Nothing was done. The High and Mightinesses of the railway world could not possibly modernise their equipment! They have not modernised it even to-day.

Surely now, if ever, legislation will step in where common-sense has failed and force the railways to scrap gas and use electricity as they should have done years ago.

So simple, yet—

That, however, is not my real point. My real point is that in 1920 or 1921, to my certain knowledge, two inventions were submitted by a Mr. Howard to all the railway companies which would quite definitely have prevented the terrible accident at Charfield and many of the others.

The less important one was an automatic time-recorder which in every case would settle definitely whether a signal had been operated and the exact time of the operation. It is less important than the one with which I am about to deal, but it is still important, since in every accident there is always a conflict of testimony between the driver and the signalman as to whether a signal was at "Clear" or at "Danger."

The really important invention which was submitted to and scorned by the railway companies was a quite simple and automatic train control.

Let me describe it briefly and simply as outlined to me by the inventor himself, a man, I might add, who is not without an international reputation in his job.

Nobody interested

This is what he said to me: "In the signal cabin connected to the principal signal-levers were small indicators, red and green, one to each lever, and a telephone instrument common to all the indicators. In the engine cab was a small box containing a red and green indicator, a push button and a telephone. Each main signal was connected to a raised ramp between the rails.

"When a signal was set at 'Danger' the moment an engine made contact with the ramp the red indicator in the cab dropped, the whistle blew and the vacuum brake was automatically put on whether the driver liked it or not.

At the same time the red indicator in the signal-box dropped, showing the signalman that the driver had received his danger signal. By either pressing a button they could then talk to each other by telephone.

"As soon as the signal was put at 'Clear,' the green indicators in both engine cab and signal-box were operated, the driver having in the meantime restored the vacuum brake."

The railway companies simply are not interested in either the time-recorder or the automatic train control. The inventor was thanked in some cases for the receipt of his letter and there the matter dropped. In other cases Superintendents of Operation were "obliged by your calling my attention to the matter," and there, again, the matter dropped.

Some did not bother to reply at all. None expressed the slightest desire to investigate the possibilities of the invention. Yet the man who invented these things is prepared to-day to stake an international reputation on the efficacy of the devices.

He is prepared to stand by his statement to me that ninety-nine out of every hundred of these railway accidents are preventable, and is prepared even to-day to put the inventions I have mentioned at the disposal of anyone who cares to inspect them.

A challenge and an invitation

Having gone into this matter, I publicly challenge the railway companies to put their technical experts into touch with this man and—if they like—satisfy themselves and the public that his claims are ill-founded.

If, on the other hand, his claims are justified, let them put on sackcloth and ashes and publicly confess that for years they have been grossly neglecting their duty to the travelling public.

And along with this challenge to the railway companies let me issue an invitation to a body of men whom this sort of thing concerns equally closely. Let me invite Mr. J. H. Thomas, or anyone he cares to appoint, to inspect these inventions on behalf of the National Union of Railwaymen.

Railway accidents are just as much the concern of the men as they are of the companies. I do not in the least blame the railwaymen for not moving in a matter of this kind, because it has never been brought to their notice.

It has been brought to their notice now, and I think I know Mr. Thomas well enough to believe that a thing like this with such enormous possibilities has only to be brought to the attention of himself and his union for some definite action to be taken.

The next move

Certainly the matter cannot be left where it is. On the one hand, we have a series of railway accidents in this country which hitherto has been remarkably free from them, an ever-growing list of death and disaster which no one seems able to prevent.

On the other hand, we have a man who has proved again and again the worth of his ideas and who claims quite categorically that inventors cannot get a fair show with British railroad authorities, and that these authorities have simply ignored two inventions which would have prevented the danger and the accidents which have occurred in the last two or three years.

I have done my part in bringing this matter to the notice of the British public. The next move, I think, lies with the railway companies and the railway unions.

FOUL BEAST

thing Less!

RMOOR, K.C.V.O.

all cases of obtaining women, of whatever age, by conspiracy, fraud or intimidation, and the punishment is to be seven years' penal servitude; in some cases it will be ten years.

The habitual use of premises for immoral purposes is punishable by two years, with or without hard labour. Trading on immorality is to be made a crime for which five years' penal servitude will be the punishment. This offence can be committed by women as well as men.

Even a British subject who marries an alien woman for the purpose will get five years in prison, and the marriage declared void. There is also a clause granting seven years' penal servitude for abduction.

IT is true that the police of all nations are now on the trail of the traffickers, and this has led to a substantial reduction in their number, but the state of the traffic throughout the world is admittedly appalling.

All sorts of subtle devices are adopted to perpetrate it, and the authorities in all countries, especially in Egypt, some tourist parts of North Africa, and in South America, have to be increasingly vigilant.

Some extent of the traffic in South America can be gleaned from the following details: The Health Department of Montevideo, for instance, shows an increase, from 24 per cent. in 1919 to 42 per cent. in 1923, in the number of women arriving for immoral purposes.

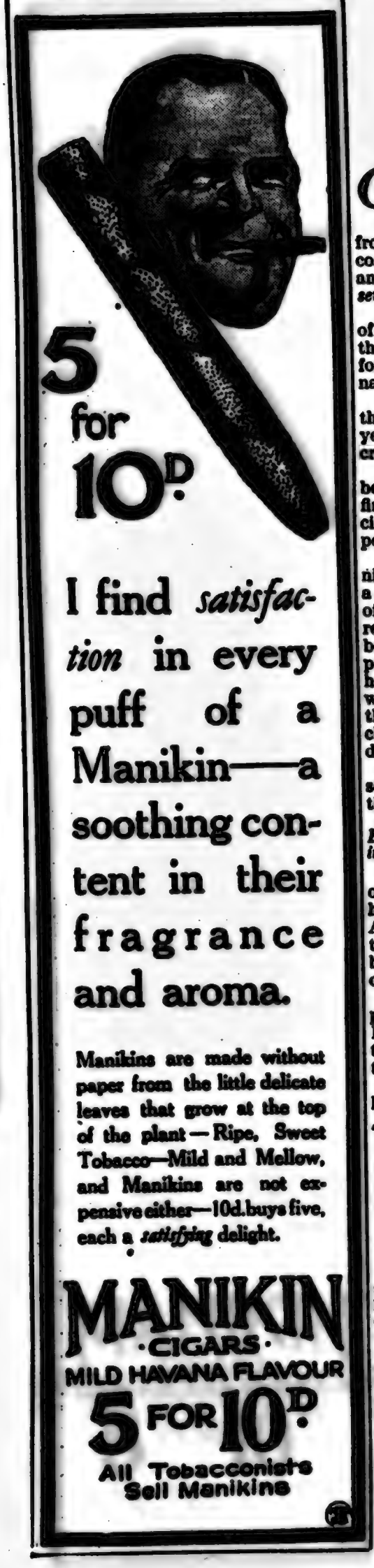
THE Health Department of Buenos Ayres gives some truly appalling revelations of the traffic by stating, in approximation, that there are about 4,500 foreign women prostitutes in the city of 2,310,110 inhabitants.

In the United States, Switzerland, Belgium—indeed, in most civilised countries—the traffic is being dealt with by deporting known cases and not allowing suspected cases to land in the country.

Belgium in 1924, for instance, expelled 224 women, Switzerland 198, and the United States dealt with 349 cases in the same year.

Also, in every country which signed the agreement at Geneva, there has been appointed a central authority for dealing with the traffic, which works in diplomatic co-operation with other countries.

But it is still very slow in movement: hence the ardent reformers of this traffic in England and the Dominions are anxious to move faster in the direction of more drastic international regulation.



I find *satisfaction* in every puff of a Manikin—a soothing contentment in their fragrance and aroma.

Manikins are made without paper from the little delicate leaves that grow at the top of the plant—Ripe, Sweet Tobacco—Mild and Mellow, and Manikins are not expensive either—10d. buys five, each a *satisfying* delight.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

OLD CRIMINAL'S STRANGE CONFESSION

Free at Last—to Die!

GEORGE MONTAGUE, at the age of eighty-two, is an honest man. The penal system of this country has converted him from crime, but the conversion has cost the State hundreds of pounds and has cost George Montague *fifty-seven years of his life in jail!*

Not until now—when the thought of dying in jail is repugnant—has the present system been responsible for setting him on the straight and narrow way.

Since the first sentence for petty theft in 1865 to the last one of three years in 1921, he was a confirmed crook.

A moment of folly in his youth began it, a callous sentence for a first offence continued it, and force of circumstances and an unconstructive penal system made it inevitable.

When Montague, at the age of nineteen, stepped from the dock, a convicted thief, with a cruel sentence of two months to serve, he little realised that his whole future had been blasted, that when the great prison gates opened for his exit he would emerge into the outer world again a man who would find the task of "going straight" one charged with almost insurmountable difficulties.

Work was denied him, friends scorned him; to steal to live seemed the only thing to do.

Fifty-seven years in jail!

Incidentally, even in these days of greater enlightenment, more humane treatment and the Probation Act, we are not altogether free from the habit of wrecking young lives by unnecessary sentences for first offences.

This we proved recently when we protested against the action of Mr. Hay Halkett, the Marylebone magistrate, in sending a boy of seventeen to six months' hard labour.

Returning to Montague, we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road of his career of crime, which resulted in his spending fifty-seven years in jail.

His second sentence was a year for stealing blankets, after serving which he managed to keep out of the clutches of the law for four years, despite the fact that, during that time, he was living by his wits.

In 1871 he again found himself "inside"—this time for six months—but, shortly after his release, he committed the first of a long series of cheque frauds which made him one of the most notorious forgers.

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary

He came into possession of a cheque for £10 which the then Earl Poulett had given to his head groom.

The cheque was an order on Coutts' Bank, drawn by the earl on a half-sheet of notepaper to which a postage stamp had been affixed, and a few days later, Montague forged and cashed a similar cheque for £16.

For this he was convicted at the Old Bailey and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, and, although he emerged from Portland Convict Prison an efficient stonemason, he was soon back again, having forged a cheque for £79 in the name of the Earl of Bective.

It was 1887 before he again regained his liberty, but a year later he was again caught and this time received a sentence of six years.

Montague, we may say, was the son of a well-known and respected racing trainer, who had died when Montague was a boy, and in 1893 he decided to seek his fortune on the Turf.

He obtained the necessary capital by a further series of cheque frauds, involving about £5,000, and in six months he had accumulated a fortune of over £30,000.

Before he could escape abroad with his wealth, he was again arrested and sent to penal servitude for ten years, and, while serving his time, the money was stolen by a friend who had promised to keep it for him until his release!

From his release in 1902 onwards, Montague—whose aliases include the names Farrow, Norton, Farrell and Henry—was almost constantly in jail

The worst sentence

Now he is free again and resolved to "go straight." He would rather die than return to jail at his advanced age; he scorns the workhouse, too, and is living honestly on a mere pittance.

Our jails, he says, are "mental strait-jackets" in which a convicted man is kept for a certain time as the law shall decree and then released, the criminal mind as criminally intentioned as ever it was.

The criminal, he contends, should be taught the value of honest labour and should be paid sufficient for his work while in jail to enable him to make a sustained effort to "go straight" when he is released.

"I am now a free man, but I am now serving the worst sentence of all," says Montague, "a sentence that no judge realised I would have to serve.

"I am over eighty years of age; I have only death to look forward to and only fifty-seven years of jail to look back upon. And all because, when I was a boy, they made me a crook."

We ask the Home Secretary what he thinks of a system that takes fifty-seven years to teach a boy who yielded to sudden temptation how to go straight!

A NOBLE ARMY

"John Bull's" Hints to Husbands

IT is the custom to laugh at husbands who don an apron to give a hand with the washing-up, or who don't mind giving the wife a rest by bathing baby. Medical officers of health encourage them by running classes to teach the responsibilities of fathercraft.

JOHN BULL agrees with the medical officers. It takes two to bring a family into the world. It should take two to bring it up and help to make a home. It is every husband's duty to do what he can to make the home secure.

One very pleasant way of finding home security is to become a registered reader of JOHN BULL and enjoy the benefits of JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Scheme.

This was done by Mr. J. B. Hill, of 1, High Street, Hayfield, near Stockport, and he found the benefit when his wife fell suddenly ill with diphtheria.

"I cannot express our thanks enough," he writes, "though both of us were confident of our application being admitted. I am an ex-prisoner of war, bearing three wounds, and I know the value of JOHN BULL to those wanting information about pensions."

It was diphtheria that attacked Mrs. E. A. Mison, of 67, Union Street, Norwich, and her husband's foresight in registering that helped her through.

"My wife is improving," is Mr. Mison's own testimony, "for she is able to have many little things which could not have been obtained but for the cheque we received as registered readers of JOHN BULL."

Similarly help was sent to Mr. J. A. Morris, of 15, Walpole Road, Teddington, whose wife was another diphtheria victim.

Still other wives who suffered this severe infectious illness were Mrs. Ball, of 54, Kitchener Road, Strood, and Mrs. Feetham, of 383, Caledonian Road, London, N.

Both received the promised benefit, because their husbands had taken the precaution to register with JOHN BULL.

To other husbands wishing to help their wives when trouble comes JOHN BULL gives the same advice. It consists of merely one word—*Register!*

It isn't too early yet to be thinking about Christmas—the "John Bull" Xmas Annual will be on sale November 8, price 6d. Ask your Newsagent to deliver a copy to you when it comes out.

SUITS *Made to Measure*
DELIVERED IN 7 DAYS
(OVERCOATS IN 4 DAYS)
WHY BUY READY MADE?

Whether you have seen our patterns in past seasons or not, write to us for our Autumn and Winter 1928 ranges. Never was shown a more alluring display of cloths in Tweeds, Serges, Cheviots, Meltons, etc. There are materials for every taste and requirement.

SUIT OR OVERCOAT
40/- *to measure*
(NO EXTRAS FOR ANY STYLE)

SEND *for* FREE PATTERNS

Handsome Fashion Brochure and our unique unfailing Self-measure Chart accompany every set of patterns.

We guarantee perfect fitting garments by mail—or cheerfully refund cash in full—plus 2/6 more by way of indemnity.

WRITE NOW OR CALL.

Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

AN INDIGO DYED LONDON SHRUNK, TWO-FOLD PURE WORSTED YARN, 100% ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT TO MEASURE FOR **£3:3:0**

GUARANTEED PURE SCOTCH HEATHER TWEED SUIT TO MEASURE **£3:10:0**

BETTER THAN EVER
THE MOST TRUSTWORTHY STORM COAT ON THE MARKET
THE FAMOUS BARRICO
(THE ABSOLUTELY GENUINE OFFICERS 4-in-1 MODEL)

Or by "Cash on Delivery" System if Preferred.

CARABINE OIL-SKIN CHECK LINING DETACHABLE WOOL LINING

IN NAVY BLUE OR FAWN.

30/- POST PAID | OR WITHOUT FLEECE LINING **25/6**

Everybody should invest in a Barrico, the new and improved raincoat which may be relied on in every climatic emergency. Why not seize this special offer and procure yours at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Norsark oilskin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or hail. Ideal in all weathers. Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

Post us your remittance for 30/- or 25/6 for this Ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, STEP MEASURE, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED.

Cash refunded if not approved.

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To every approved account Drages guarantee to send carriage paid any article chosen directly the one instalment is paid. The balance of the account is paid by similar monthly instalments.

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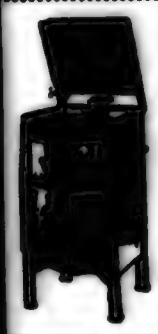

UNATONE CABINET

A "Goldenphone" model. Dull satin mahogany finish. Record cupboard. British made powerful silent running double spring motor, 12 in. turntable. Height 3 ft. 2 in. Width 1 ft. 6 in.

Price £14 14 0.

SEND ONLY **10/-**
10/- monthly after

VANDEMAR
Baby Grand.

In ebonised case. Twin legs. Length only 4 ft. 6 in. Suitable for small room or flat. Overstrung Trichord. Magnificent tone and soft touch. A real bargain. New.

52 Guineas.

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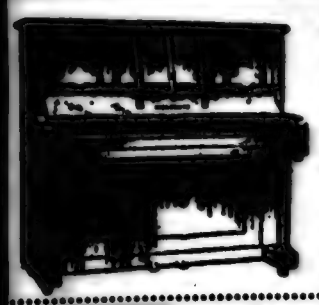

MELFORTE

Rosewood finished case. Iron frame. Compass seven octaves. Pure and brilliant tone. Light touch.

44 Guineas.

SEND ONLY **20/-**
20/- monthly after

ELDHURST

Cabinet. A "Goldenphone" model. Oak finish. Record cupboard. 12 in. turntable. Powerful British-made motor. "Granditone" sound box. Height 3 ft. 2 in. Width 1 ft. 5 in. Depth 1 ft. 6 in.

57 15 0.

SEND ONLY **7/6**
7/6 monthly after

CHELFONT

Console. A "Goldenphone" model. Mahogany finish. Record cupboard. British made double-spring motor. 12 in. turntable. Height 2 ft. 9 in. Width 2 ft. 2 in.

£18 18 0.

SEND ONLY **10/-**
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DELEMANT

Burr Walnut finish. Iron frame. Tape check action. Full compass. Fine tone.

44 Guineas.

SEND ONLY **20/-**
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ELDHURST

Mahogany or walnut finish. Iron frame. Tape check action. Full compass 3 ft. 9 in. x 4 ft. 2 in. x 1 ft. 11 in. Sweet tone.

39 Guineas.

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LAVETTE

Cabinet. A "Goldenphone" model. Oak finish. Record cupboard. Dial speed indicator and stop. "Granditone" sound box. Britain's Best Gramophone Value.

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Next door to Holborn Tube Station. 'Phone: Holborn 3685.

JIM'S CONFESSION.

EVERYONE has seen the pictures of Jim. His full name is James Henry Bennett, but to his friends he is Jim. I believe he likes to be called Jim, because at the College it is always "The Governor."

I don't like the College, because it seems to change Jim so much; he is a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Perhaps you don't know what that means; well, it is a sort of man who has—well—how shall I put it?—kind of has two entities. Yes, that's it—two entities.

Out of the College he gives you the impression of a man who has done something good and is pleased with himself. In the College he looks anxious as if the destinies of thousands of people depended upon him; and from what I hear I believe they do, and I also believe those destinies are in safe hands.

Well, never mind that. I set out to tell you of what Jim confessed to me.

"Jim," I said to him one Sunday evening after we had been for a walk in the country (Jim likes country walks) "I see your advertisements about, I see your name about, I hear of your College everywhere I go; you must be doing an awful big business, and making an awful big pile of money. Everybody seems to know the Bennett College, Sheffield."

Jim laughed. "Big business, yes; Big money, no."

"Why, Jim," I said, "how's that? It don't seem to fit."

"Well, you see," said Jim, "I can only eat one dinner at a time, sleep in one bed at once, wear one hat at once, ride in one car at once. I have all these, so what else can I get out of the College?"

"More pleasure," I said.

His face spread out into a wise and gentle smile, and I knew that I had said something silly. I grinned a little as a sort of cover, and as I looked into Jim's face I thought I saw mingled with that smile a little unusual moisture in his eyes, a sort of expression that said, "Oh, you don't know, you don't know——" I felt at once that I had touched a soft spot, so I waited.

Jim's emotional—and expressive. "Pleasures" he said. "Yes, my life is all pleasure. Summer holiday, fishing, tennis, billiards, auction, Badminton, motoring, but oh! they are only periods of rest from the real pleasure; my pleasure starts," said Jim, "when I read my private letters, and one after the other I get the glad news of the success of My Students. My Boys, MY BOYS! Boys and men who have relied on me to guide them to a successful career have written to me with thankful hearts. That's pleasure; that's real, unselfish pleasure," snapped Jim; "that's the pleasure that lasts."

"Jim," I said, "you are an enthusiast; you like your work!"

"I like my work," he said, "but work as work"—here comes Jim's confession. "Oh!" says Jim (he nearly swore), "I hate it like poison."

I gasped for breath. I stared at Jim. I could not believe, could not realise, what I had heard. "But—but," I said timidly, "you have been a student and worker all your life."

"Yes," he almost snapped at me; "but not because I like it."

Then said I, feeling as if I were probing into his innermost soul, "Why did you do it? Why do you still do it?"

Silence. Jim looked at me; and his old sweet fatherly smile returned as he said: "When I was young, what I needed most was a guiding hand. I knew that only knowledge could help me on in the world. I wanted knowledge, and did not know where I could find it. I sought for it, I found it, I knew that there must be thousands of others like me looking for a guiding hand, so I decided to be that guiding hand, and I have worked hard to do justice to the responsibility I have assumed."

That's Jim.

"Also," said Jim, the merry twinkle now returning to his eye. "I like the good things of the earth, I like all the pleasures, and there's only one way to get them: Work for them, whether you like it or not—Work—the good things will follow in due course."

I have seen one of Jim's advertisements this morning. It says LET ME BE YOUR FATHER, and he offers to advise young men or anyone about careers or how to get into good jobs, or if they have got good jobs how to get better ones, and the advertisement says his advice is free. Well, I will say this about Jim—whatever that advice may be it will be GENUINE.—COL.

A TWIST *at the* HEARTSTRINGS

An Open Hand to Close

by SIR ROBERT PARR, O.B.E.

THERE are few, if any, greater scandals than that of the bogus charity-monger, a person who ought not to be permitted to persist in his detestable practices.

One of the disturbing factors is that the evildoers have a malign influence, and, unless checked, will still further slacken the flow of public benevolence.

Fortunately, the publicity given in the Press to the prosecution—and conviction—of these undesirables has had the good effect of re-establishing confidence amongst the public, although there is evidence that all the rascals have not yet been discovered.

There are several classes of offenders in this field of operations: those who collect money for non-existent charities, and those who use the names of well-known institutions in the hope that people will not take the trouble to enquire into their credentials.

Non-existent charities

There was a case of the former kind a few months ago, when a man and his paramour were convicted of stealing furniture, and it transpired, while evidence was being given in court, that both defendants had been raising money for an organisation they said they were promoting, but which had no existence in fact.

Then there is another type of collector who gives some show of sincerity by indicating the existence of some form of organisation which, when enquiry is made, is found to be covering the ground already well occupied by a reliable charity, and exists mainly for the purpose of providing a living for the promoters and collectors.

A departmental committee in 1925 reported in favour of the registration of charities, but, as is the custom, nothing has yet been done to put the recommendations of the committee into practical form.

Sir Robert Parr, O.B.E.

Moreover, if, and when, the Government takes action on these lines, the report does not touch the main defect of this wretched system.

Registration would be a useful thing, but what is needed most of all is to prevent the bogus appeal from a non-existent institution and the promotion of an unnecessary organisation.

It should not be difficult to arrange that after a given date any person who seeks to form a new society should submit his proposal to some authorised body who would know whether it was necessary, and would be able to form an opinion as to the *bona-fides* of the people promoting the scheme.

A heavy penalty should fall on those who, failing to get permission, persisted in the collection of money for such purposes.

Discussion, of course, will range around the question as to the most suitable body to exercise this control. For some reasons the Charity Commission is not held in high regard, possibly through misunderstanding.

Modernise and humanise!

Government control is not too popular in these days; there is a fear of rigidity and particularly of a lack of speed in operating. Would it not be possible to modernise—and humanise—the Commission?

If this was done, the deliberations of this body on this special subject might be assisted by a consultative committee, composed of qualified persons who possess the two essentials, knowledge and vision. Anyhow, there is the suggestion for what it is worth.

There are casual folk who say that simple people who give unwisely deserve to be taken in. Others, with more reason, object that it is easy for people who are not distinguished for much liberality to spend time in discussing to what other people shall subscribe.

In the interests of true charity, for the safeguarding of the public and the effective maintenance of good causes, action of some sort is vitally urgent.

The Sentence of the Court

JEREMIAH'S MIXED THINKS

Whoa There! Woeful William!

CHARGED with an offence under the Pure Foods Act, the Rev. William Paxton had begun to deliver a sermon on the text: "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right," when he was reminded that he was not in the pulpit, but the dock.

"This offence," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "was committed at the Congregational Union Assembly, when the accused placed on the publicity market something offered as food for thought, but so badly adulterated as to threaten consumers with mental indigestion.

"'We have,' he declared, 'passed into a period when professional sportsmen are extolled as if they were infinitely greater than the men who have enriched the nation.'

"In the accents of a professional mourner at the funeral of civilisation, he deplored the habit of the Modern Girl in making a heroine of Betty Nuthall and announced that 'it is tragic' that young men admire Gene Tunney in preference to a scientist like Frederick Soddy.

"Yet, of course, this reverend Jeremiah, under the impression that he was specifically indicting the present age and the young people thereof, was trying to hiss human nature off the stage."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that what had recently shocked his client was that recently the Liverpool tramway service had been held up because a popular footballer attended a wedding. No such worship had ever been accorded an eminent surgeon who had saved many lives. In drawing attention to this tragic contrast, Mr. Paxton had performed a public duty.

* * *

"If the prisoner never experiences anything more 'tragic' than the alleged tragedies on which he dilates, his should be a remarkably cheerful life," said Mr. Justice Bull.

"A village idiot grinning through a horse's collar is not more grotesque than a village wiseacre letting loose a spate of words under the delusion that he is dropping pearls of wisdom.

"Professional sportsmen, actors, politicians, and, one might add, certain clergymen, get publicity because they want it and work for it. Scientists, sages and philosophers don't get it because they hate it and want to be left alone to get on with their jobs.

"Attacks on the young men of to-day by the older men of yesterday are nearly always the result of muddled thinking.

Those attacked by our woeful William at least admire what they understand, whereas he criticises what he obviously has not tried to understand.

"The sentence of the Court is that this unmusical noise-maker be prohibited for six months from playing the 'Limelight Sonata' with his eye on the Press table and his foot on the loud pedal."

It's what you get . . .

It's no use grousing; *all* whiskies — no matter what brand—cost the same, 12/6 a bottle. But, Great Scott, it's worth it—if you get *guaranteed* quality, purity and maturity for your money. And that's what you get every time you say "Johnnie Walker, please!"

Not what you pay . . .

"Yes," you say, "but 12/6 . . hang it! . . ." Well, why not a half bottle at 6/6, or a quarter at 3/6; Or a flask?

Identical *quality* in every bottle—size is merely a matter of quantity.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820 -Still going Strong

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.,
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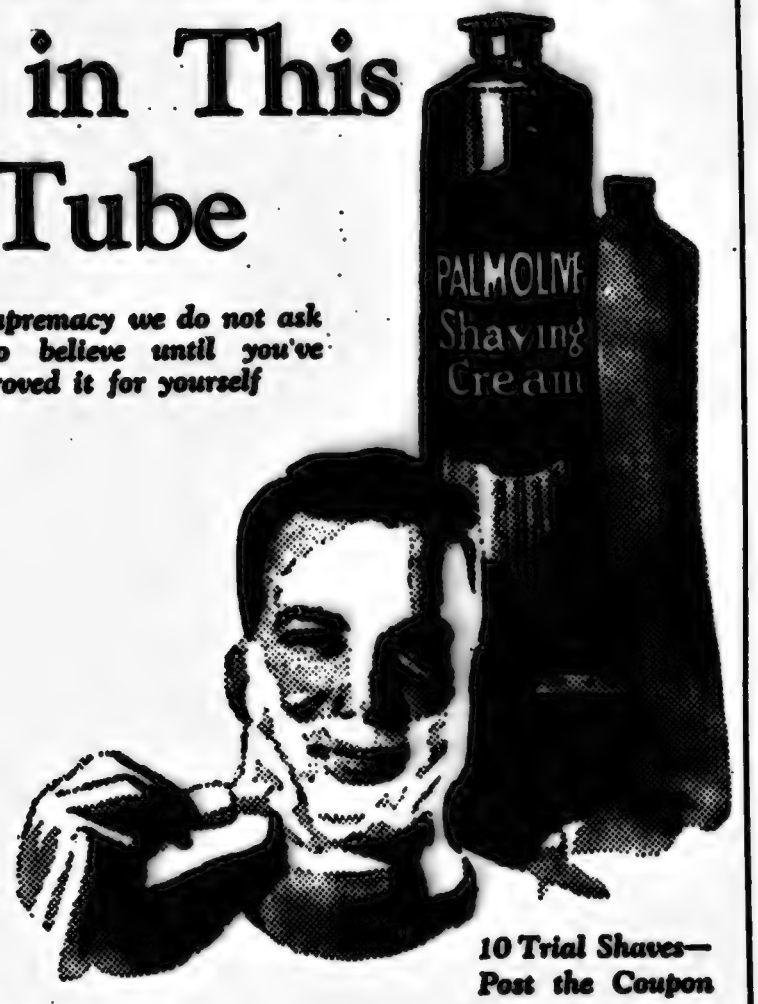
KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

JB.6

It's in This Tube

The supremacy we do not ask you to believe until you've proved it for yourself



10 Trial Shaves—Post the Coupon

GENTLEMEN:

Ask your chemist, and he will probably tell you Palmolive Shaving Cream is his fastest seller.

Countless men have written praising it; sales figures are amazing. Our years of experimenting have been crowned with success. We believe we will win you, too.

But before we ask you to buy a full-sized tube, we wish Palmolive Shaving Cream to prove its own case on your beard. Hence we offer a 10-shave test. Just use the coupon.

Sixty years of soap study stand behind our laboratories. 130 formulas were tried before we succeeded in this unique creation. 1,000 men had told us what they sought—5 things a shaving cream should accomplish. They set our goal.

What we have accomplished is in the tube we send you. The unvarying qualities that have won men by the millions. If we win you, you'll thank us for the test. If not, return to what you have been using.

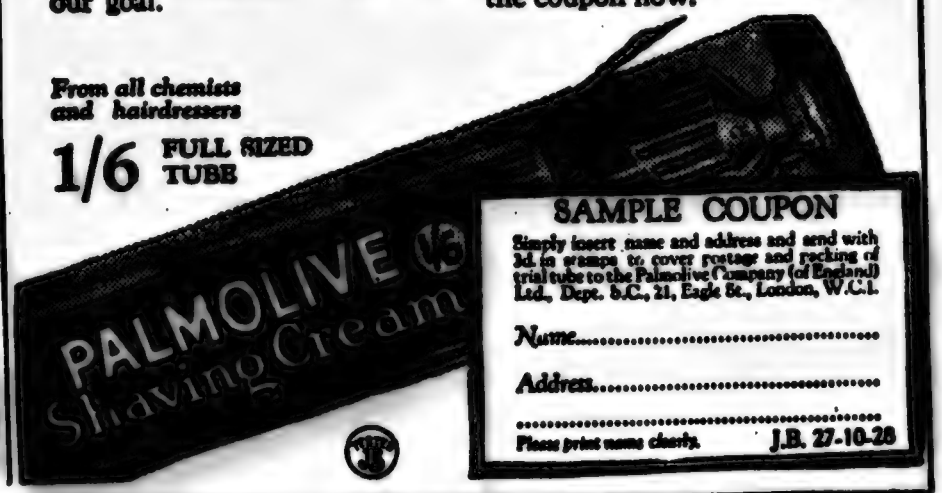
Test these 5 improvements

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Ask for this test. Shave 10 times and *learn* why men adopt it. *Words* alone cannot induce men to quit their former shaving preparations for this. Cut out the coupon now.

From all chemists and hairdressers

1/6 FULL SIZED TUBE



SAMPLE COUPON

Simply insert name and address and send with 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing of trial tube to the Palmolive Company (of England) Ltd., Dept. S.C., 21, Eagle St., London, W.C.1.

Name.....

Address.....

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Please print name clearly. J.B. 27-10-28

HAVE A HOT BREAKFAST YOURSELF!

Do *you* begin right? In the business of getting them all packed off isn't your need of the right tempting, *warming* breakfast just as great as any of theirs.

Of course it is. Start to-morrow with Quaker Oats—hot, savoury, delicious—a real 'stand by.' Your morning's work will go wonderfully the easier for it.

Quaker is *the* family breakfast in countless British homes. Hundreds of thousands of healthy, happy, energetic Britons have been brought up on it. Nothing else can take its place. Nothing else so completely satisfies everybody's needs.

The pick of Canada's sun-ripened harvests—rich in protein, the builder, the energizer. Carbohydrates, vitamins, mineral salts—essential for health and vigour—are all there in Quaker.

For economy and convenience, just as for nourishment, you must have Quaker. *Quick* Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes.

Your grocer has two kinds—the Original you have always known and *Quick* Quaker. *Quick* Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes—quicker than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest. Two sizes, 4½d. and 9½d. per packet.

(Except in Irish Free State.)

An Empire Product made in Canada

Words Winged to Women

The POVERTY PIT

Guilty on Five Counts

by MABEL HORNER

Canon Peter Green

RATTLE, rattle, roar, grind, clash and bang! The racket of the Tube train running under Oxford Street was shattering enough to stop all conversation, but it did not prevent two well-to-do women who sat opposite me telling each other what remarkably modern children they each possessed.

"Of course, they're unmanageable at times," shrilled one, "but so high-spirited. They know exactly what they want and they never give in until they get it either." By her facial contortions the other tittered.

"Mine are exactly the same, . . . so temperamental," she raised her voice to insist. "It's a difficult business looking after them, but, after all, I don't believe in children being cowed, and they're only young once."

There was much more to the same effect until the train stopped at my destination and I got out.

Modern mothers, busy with the training of the modern child, but how? By complete indulgence? It seemed so.

The same idea of "giving children as good a time as possible" runs through all classes, a "good time" being interpreted as doing exactly what one likes, looking upon pleasure as the chief end of existence and not something that must be honestly earned by hard work.

Growing poverty

Thinking over that conversation in the train, I could not help connecting it with the scathing condemnation of modern tendencies recently pronounced by Canon Peter Green, of Manchester.

He declares himself impressed, more than anything else, by the growing poverty of the whole nation. We are growing steadily poorer. Every week sees thousands thrown upon the unemployment registers. Thousands more are already submerged below the poverty line.

It is not going to be easy in the next ten or twenty years to keep up the standard of living we have already attained. Yet, who cares?

Canon Green sees not only utter heedlessness in these grave economic facts, but an actual increase of pleasure-hunting and luxury-indulgence wherever there is any money left to be spent.

Startling indictment

Here, briefly, is his indictment: He detects in the nation a number of terrible and growing faults.

First, a belief that, no matter how poor individuals may be, the State has a bottomless purse from which all can be made rich.

Second, an entire disappearance of the old unwillingness to take public relief.

Third, a growing tendency to put the pleasures and luxuries of life first; economics and provision for the future, if any, coming second or nowhere.

Fourth, a really frightful growth of the gambler's trust that an unexpected stroke of luck may come, with a corresponding thirst for getting rich quick.

Fifth, a belief even in the minds of intelligent young workers that the less work they do the more work will somehow be left for the unemployed.

It is worth noting that the man who points this out in sledge-hammer fashion is himself identified with the working-class movement and heart and soul in sympathy with men and women who find life hard.

But, like all wise friends, he must point out the truth as he sees it. There must be a tightening up of the moral fibre of Britain, or assuredly we shall fall into deeper poverty and misery than we have tasted yet.

It is the duty of women, whose power has been enormously increased by the Equal Franchise Bill, to grasp the principles of sound economics. It is necessary that there be funds for poor relief.

But if we want adequate provision for our sick and aged and helpless, we must recognise that it can only be made by every able-bodied man and woman working to capacity and paying regularly their just proportion of the rates.

It is necessary that State education be provided and National Health Insurance, unemployment benefit, and other great social services secured.

But the State purse that provides the funds is not filled from any miraculous source. It depends on the contributions of all who are healthy and in work. It will grow leaner and leaner as the nation puts pleasure and luxury before work and economy and provision for old age.

Public wasters

Children indulged in every whim grow into lax citizens and wasters of public finance.

Even children can be taught that the State is something that they are to help to build, not merely something upon which they can always draw.

They can be taught that Britain is a great nation, but that she will not remain great unless young men and women live lives of ordered regularity, have a sterling love of work and achievement, and cultivate an independent spirit.

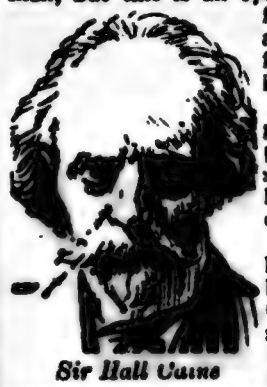
When men and women of this type fill the State purse they will have the grit to decide also that the money shall be properly spent.

Problems of Life—by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

The MORBID MIND

SIR HALL CAINE states, in his "Recollections of Rossetti," that when he first came to know this man of genius the latter had been for years a melancholy recluse and continued to be so to the end.

He repeatedly calls Rossetti a great man, but this is an opinion with which few will agree after studying the facts on which it is based.



Sir Hall Caine

Rossetti was a gifted painter and poet, but morbidly sensitive and lacking in self-control.

To go and shut himself up in a big house in Chelsea and scarcely ever show himself outside its walls, to drop his friends and take to drugs, because of a remorseful memory or because he was unkindly criticised in the Press by persons he had never met, is a revelation of self-centred weakness.

The man who behaved like this was certainly not great, whatever else he was; for greatness requires strength—strength of mind even more than exceptional ability or personal charm—and Rossetti did not possess strength of mind.

Sir Hall Caine's championship of him reminds one of Lord Beaverbrook's championship of Andrew Bonar Law.

Bonar Law was a good man and a wise one, but he was not an outstandingly able man—not as able as Lord Beaverbrook himself—and he, too, was hampered by a tendency to take despondent views.

Such a tendency is fatal, not only to a man's own peace, but to his effectiveness in life. No one goes far who gives way to it.

THE vein of morbidness in Rossetti may have run in the family, for it was shared to some extent by his sister Christina.

Christina Rossetti has written some of the most morbid poems in our language, all with a strain of truth in them, but twisted into falsehood by her mournfulness. Here is one:

"When I was dead, my spirit turned
To seek the long-frequented house:
I passed the door, and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange boughs.
I shivered comfortless, but cast
No chill across the tablecloth:
I all-forgotten shivered, sad
To stay and yet to part how loth:
I passed from the familiar room,
I who from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day."

WE all know persons who think and feel like this, but they are apt to be a burden to themselves and others.

As a rule, they are what Rossetti was and Bonar Law was not, preoccupied with themselves and their feelings and their fate.

The more they yield to it, the worse they become and the less able to make a stand against it.

Yet the plain truth is that no man need be victimised by it if he will but exert himself and face facts as they are.

It is always the fruit of a lie. Life never is as the morbid mood paints it, but always sweeter and more hopeful.

It is not sorrow that breaks men, but self-despair.

say which

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For keeping white things white, Mum, there isn't anything like Reckitt's Blue. And there's Robin Starch too. It's not so old as Reckitt's Blue but it's made a great improvement. The ironing's lighter and easier when you've used Robin and you get a wonderful fine finish. I put it this way, Mum—there's more to show for less trouble with Robin. They're my regular stand-by, those two,—Reckitt's Blue for keeping your white things dazzling white and Robin for a finish to be proud of."

ROBIN

Starch

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The Home Forum—Conducted by MABEL HORNER

EMPTY *Hearts* *and Empty* HOMES

IS home-life losing all attraction? Is the problem affecting many mothers? "Home is regarded merely as a place to sleep and eat in," sighs one, "or a place to get away from before enjoyment can begin.

"My young people all have their own friends and lots of outside interests. But they don't talk about them to me. They don't even say where they are going, or tell me what they are doing with their spare time.

"As for their father, as soon as he has tidied up and had tea, he is off with some of his men pals or to a meeting or club.

"Of course, in these days of 'women's rights,' the wife can go her own way, too, if she pleases, but that isn't my idea of what a home should be. So, please say what a woman, who is also a home-lover, should do in these circumstances.

"Should she kick up a row and make the others see what they are neglecting? or should she go out on her own? or must she just admit to being made into a 'cook, slut and butler' by the lot of them?"

Quite obviously, every one of these methods is equally wrong. "Kicking up a row" never does anybody any good.

In a home-maker it is the most fatal method she could possibly adopt. To add noise and nagging to a home that has already lost some of its drawing power would finish off whatever attraction it might have left.

And what good can "going off on her own" do a woman whose happiness is as closely bound up in her family and home as is this correspondent's? I fancy she must look deeper than that for the source of trouble.

In the first place, no wife and mother should allow herself to become "cook slut and butler" to the family. If she begins early enough, the children will not only be willing to help, but will regard all sorts of little tasks in the home as a privilege.

Certain little jobs should be apportioned every week to both boys and girls. This gives them an interest in the home and makes them feel that their share in keeping everything cosy and neat is important.

Children often make more mess than they do good, and if a mother, to save the trouble of teaching them, takes everything out of their hands, she must not be surprised if later they refuse to help.

My correspondent is evidently a splendid home-maker, who values cleanliness and order, and is willing to work her fingers to the bone to maintain them.

But, now that she sees the other side of the picture, the widening gap between her absorbing work and the family she slaves for, she must try to strike a proper balance.

A little extra litter, or a few more dishes to wash, what does it matter if the young people are happy and made to feel that, after all, there's no place like home?

It is often when they are made to feel that it isn't their home to bring their friends in, that they drift. Make them love home by expecting them to help to make it lovable.

Miss Eleanor Rathbone, J.P., who has written a book advocating family endowment. See article, "Our School Leavers," below

Mothers in Council

THOSE *Neighbours*

A WOMAN went the other day to a London police-court and applied for a summons against her neighbour for using insulting language.

The magistrate curtly refused to grant it. "Women always have quarrelled and always will," he stated. "If I undertook to settle their differences, I should sit here doing nothing else all day and all day long. Go home and take no notice."

But it is not easy to "take no notice" when a woman's tongue is being used against one like a whiplash.

In our crowded cities where premises adjoin it is doubly difficult. I have known half a dozen families at enmity for years because they could not agree as to which day in the week each should have access to the small drying-ground which all were obliged to share.

This is one reason for encouraging women to employ their minds in thinking of wider affairs. If those six families had begun to study why they should all share one tiny wash-house and drying-ground, why the six houses should not all have had a garden and pleasant drying-ground of their own, they would have forgotten to quarrel.

They would have realised that they were all victims of the vicious land system that leaves thousands upon thousands of acres empty and useless while the people, starved of even a bit for clothes-drying, must live jumbled up in heaps.

So it is not true to say "that women have always quarrelled and always will." They merely want room to live and space to breathe.

Neighbourliness would gain all round if, instead of fighting one another on trivial issues, they combined to attack big evils such as our out-worn land laws.

Women Who Dared

Sympathisers

THOUSANDS of men and women knew there were homeless women in London. But only one woman, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, dared to find out exactly what it was like.

Mrs. Chesterton left her own comfortable home behind. She dressed in shabby clothes, and without a penny in her purse set out to make the test.

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

She slept in common lodging-houses and ate her food amid foul company. She endured unspeakable beds.

And she made a terrible discovery. She found that even when a woman had, by hook or crook, raised the necessary coppers for a night's lodging, there were not enough clean and decent beds to go round.

This the daring pioneer determined to remedy. She wrote and talked and gave lectures. All over the country she has aroused the interest of women with comfortable homes in the host of unfortunate women with none.

The beginning of a chain of Cecil Houses for Homeless Women is the result.

In these self-supporting lodgings, for one shilling a night, a homeless woman can obtain a hot bath, a cup of tea and biscuits in a cosy sitting-room and a really clean and restful bed.

Since the first opening, one year ago, 18,432 beds have been supplied.

OUR SCHOOL *Leavers*

Children to Cost More

IT is quite certain that before very long the school-leaving age will be raised. The signs are unmistakable. Not only do the school-teachers themselves urge the reform, but members of all political Parties are rapidly coming to the conclusion that the times are ripe for the change.

It is not yet within practical politics that all children should be grown up before they begin to earn, though we seem to be moving in that direction. Public opinion, for instance, has already turned against the turning of thousands of half-taught boys and girls into the labour market every year at fourteen.

Parents themselves have put stumbling-blocks in the path of every attempt to raise the school age. Parents kept alive the half-time system in the mills of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

There is no need to blame the parents. The trouble was economic. They could not afford to keep growing children by food and clothes without the growing children themselves contributing to the family budget.

The same problem still confronts poor parents of large families. How are they to feed the growing boy and girl when the school age is raised?

Instead of fighting the reform, parents should address themselves to the economic problem. They should explore every possible method of dealing with the situation in order to do the best possible for the child.

Scottish parents, for generations, have encompassed good education for their children by rigorous self-sacrifice and severe limitation of luxuries.

Where living is already stripped down to bare bones this method does not apply. Here the Family Endowment Scheme of Miss Eleanor Rathbone, J.P., is worth looking into as a method of relieving economic pressure.

But, however the expense of child maintenance is to be met, it is certain that when disarmament sets in at a proper pace we shall have the money and more than enough. It is in the power of every woman with a vote to hasten that day.

[Correspondents who wish their home problems treated in this column are invited to write to Mabel Horner, The Home Forum, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.]

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Human Documents

A DOUBLE TRAITRESS

Murderous Mother—Heartless Ministry—A Blackguard's Threat

"TEN years ago, when a school-girl of fifteen, I fell desperately in love with one of the masters and shamelessly set myself the task of gaining his affections.

"Not for one moment did I wish to remember that this man was bound by the ties of matrimony, and any conscience-pricking only drove me to a more intense hatred of the woman whom he called wife.

"For a time I succeeded in claiming his affection. Soon afterwards I left school, and had the unhappy belief that his interest was merely one of passing infatuation, while my own emotion had grown stronger and deeper.

"This man was seventeen years my senior; yet what does age matter where love is concerned, even though the disparity be sixteen and sixty?

"The years passed, and with maturity came the realisation of the base part I had played in forcing him to be traitorous to his marriage vows, in thought at least, though not in actual deed.

"MY prayerful petitions for peace to my turbulent spirit were granted and only a sad sweetness remained of the tumultuous emotions of the past.

"Three years later I accepted the offer of a wealthy adorer to become his wife.

"Alas! my husband's affection only aroused in my soul the craving for my former lover, but which I contrived to conceal. The birth of my little girl failed to awake to consciousness the true maternal love which would have been mine had I but loved her father.

"Now for the climax! After ten years, my erstwhile lover reappears. Death has severed the bondage which once held us apart. We now meet in secret and—love—yes, too well for wisdom. I care for nothing else, my husband or his child; merely for this man and his child now so soon to be."

"*HUMANIST*" *says*: Only my knowledge of the frailties of human nature allow me to offer you sympathy in your terrible predicament, for you have twice proved traitorous.

Could the spirit of your youthful endeavour have dominated your passion in its later stage, you would have averted the misery your actions are about to inflict on your kind husband and helpless little daughter. Only the application of cold, logical action can now solve your difficult position.

Confess to your husband and beg him to free you that you may legalise your union with the man whose influence has been so baneful not only on your own life, but on those whom fate has linked with it. It is time indeed that you played straight with someone.

* * *

"IN the year 1918, my sister, whose husband was in France, was asked by a friend whether she knew someone willing to attend a single girl who was shortly to become a mother.

"My sister regretted that she knew no one, and for two months nothing more was heard until one evening, when all were agog with the expectancy of an air-raid, a man asked to see my sister.

Inhuman Mother

"He explained that he was the expectant father in the case and begged my sister to go to the girl, who had been taken ill, and to await the arrival of the latter's mother.

"Upon arrival, the doctor mistook my sister for the nurse until she explained.

"Shortly after a boy was born, but still there was no sign of the girl's mother, so my sister had to remain, since the girl refused to have the child near her.

"She even went so far as to attempt to smother the little thing with a pillow. Not succeeding in that, she next tried to kick the baby off the bed.

"It was only her avaricious nature which hindered her marrying the father of the child, since he was a widower and she a widow in receipt of a pension, in addition to having her late husband's job, which she held as manageress.

"My sister was very worried for fear anything happened to the baby, so she brought the child to my mother, saying its mother had died.

"As my mother was poor, I insisted upon some contribution, but when the boy was three the father said they could not afford to pay and wished to send the child away somewhere, although they were now married and could have taken him.

"Fearing for the child, we kept him and waived payments. Five years later my mother died, and as my sister's husband could not afford the child's keep, I undertook the responsibility, despite the fact that I was a widow with a girl of twelve.

"My struggles against adversity have been severe. The boy was in a sanatorium, and on his return I was ordered a serious operation.

"The boy knows I am not his mother, yet he loves me as such, and respects the memory of his parents, whom he believes are dead.

"Was I wise to keep him? While many assure me that my sacrifices will be rewarded by the boy's devotion, others hint that he is an illegitimate child of my own, which is hurtful. Then again, is it fair to the boy himself?"

"*HUMANIST*" *says*: You certainly have nothing with which to reproach yourself. Moreover, I am confident that you will never regret the step you took.

Withhold from the boy the true facts of his parentage for a little longer, but never disclose the disgraceful details of his mother's attempt on his life.

Allow him, too, to remain in ignorance of the fact that in the make-up of the woman who gave him birth was lacking one of the primary forces of Nature which is possessed by any poor beast of the field—that of the protective instinct of a creature for its young.

As for those who talk, let them talk! You have the boy who loves you as you love him. What does anything else matter?

ON this page "Humanist" deals with difficult problems of life that may be yours. Names and addresses are suppressed so that the writers cannot be identified.

For the three most poignant and perplexing human problems published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10/6. The solution to your perplexity may help hundreds of others. Send your problems along to "Humanist," with stamped, addressed envelope.

"I HAVE a daughter of thirty-five. She divorced her husband some years ago, since when she has had to support herself and two children.

"She is now very ill, suffering from valvular disease of the heart, and in the opinion of her panel doctor, who is also a heart specialist, she is totally unfit to work and his partner endorses his opinion, as does another London doctor.

Five to One

"She applied to the guardians for relief, and their medical officer ordered her immediate removal to the infirmary.

"Last November she saw another specialist, and he performed an operation to relieve the strain on the heart and was emphatic about her not working.

"Last week my daughter received a notice to attend the office of the regional director of the National Health Insurance.

This gentleman pronounced her fit for light employment, but warned her strongly against climbing stairs, whereupon he signed her off the panel.

"Now, my daughter is a first-class milliner and can earn as much as £4 a week; therefore, if she were able to work, she would be foolish not to do so.

"However, most workrooms are situated at the top of the building, which necessitates toiling up and down stairs.

"Now, is the unanimous opinion of five doctors to be set at naught on the word of a general practitioner whose interest is merely that of discharging as many patients as he possibly can from the panel?"

"*HUMANIST*" *says*: If you have the evidence of five doctors that your daughter's heart is in such a precarious condition that work would prove fatal, you should report the circumstances to the Minister of Health at Whitehall.

Probably the doctors in question would substantiate your statements by letter or certificate.

* * *

"DURING the war I served in a prominent territorial battalion. The sergeant-major was a miner in civil life and worked at the same pit as myself, but in France he proved himself a martinet.

Shadow of the Past

One night, our officers having been thinned out, the sergeant-major had to go over the top.

"In climbing up the trench my rifle went off, and the bullet entered the man's head, killing him instantly.

"The company was not over-grieved at the result of the accident. Even his wife declared her relief, since he was such a brute and bully.

"This, however, is the unhappy sequel. My son hopes shortly to marry the dead man's daughter, but a man present at the accident has vindictively hinted that the affair was not accidental and that he can make matters uncomfortable by the disclosure of the allegation."

"*HUMANIST*" *says*: Unfortunately, such "accidents" were not exactly uncommon during the late war, but provided your conscience is clear, I see no reason for apprehension.

If the man is blackguard enough to rake up the incident in order to spite you and cast a shadow over the lives of two young people, I imagine his action and not yours would merit strong public censure. In any case, let me know what happens.

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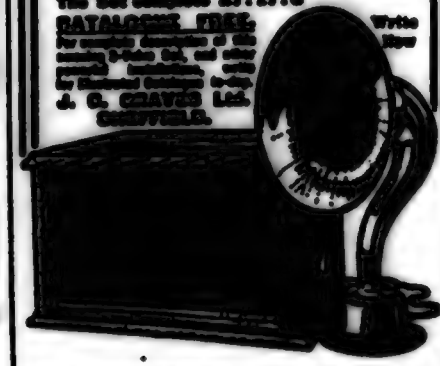

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Our Letter Parliament

What Are You Trying to Get Out of Life?

LIFE'S PUZZLE—AND ANSWER

TO my way of thinking, there is but one thing worth trying for in life, for when it is obtained it brings with it complete happiness. Consolation of the right order is the priceless jewel I have in view: consolation for the tragedies, set-backs, hard times, and other sorrows which have come into most of our lives at some time or another. Believe me—and I speak from personal experience—consolation is the most healing and comforting balm for all our worldly wounds. And it is worth finding, for it turns the dark clouds inside out.—*E. W. S., Doncaster.*

Chronic Content

As a brain-worker, when young I had ambitions and realised some of them. My assumed name was on many placards, but nobody knew *me*. It increased the itch to write, which meant searching for fresh ideas. I had the chance of sinking to a lower level and took it. I had less money, no excitement, and slept like an angel. I limited my desires and sought peace of mind everywhere. I called it mental dope, but it was and is heavenly. I call the result chronic contentment.—*H. R., Epsom.*

A Little Joy

I am only a farm drudge, but do not covet riches. I am merely trying to get just a little pleasure, a little self-satisfaction, a little joy, out of living, but so far life has been anything but rosy. I work hard at an uncongenial job, and get nothing for it. I want to get from life the things that really matter, so that when departing I may leave a trace of good, not evil, by which to be remembered.—*P. A. W., Suffolk.*

Above All, Peace!

My endeavour is not to get out of life, but to get out of it all that, as an ex-Service man, I fought for. I want a little more money to relieve my life from the ever-present bogey of making two ends meet and the workhouse in our old age, also to provide us with the little amenities, such as music and books. Above all, I want peace. The thought that the little ones may, in a few years' time, be transferred into a mass of bloody rags is quite sufficient reason.—*G. H., Dorset.*

Invalid's Joy

For many years, since Fate dealt me her knock-out blow, I have been trying to make my maimed and broken life worth living—and have happily succeeded. My affliction, I suppose, has made me a good listener, for I am constantly hearing tales of woe, and offering welcome and sympathetic understanding. I want others to get more out of life than they are getting, and if I can help in any way to give them hope, courage, faith, vision—my joy will then be full.—*C. H., Newbury.*

Worker's Ideal

What I am trying to get out of life can be answered in one word, money. I do not want a fortune, but merely enough to live on. For the majority of workers, including myself, the present state is one in which we merely exist, not live. Just a few extra shillings a week would make all the difference: no more living from hand to mouth, no more scratching and saving to pay the rent. To be able to save a pound or two for a holiday, to give my wife and children little luxuries that they never see now, that is my ideal.—*X. Y., Birmingham.*

Are White Lies Ever Justifiable?

Original letters on this subject, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

We will also pay £1 1s. each week for the best suggestion for the topic for the next week's "Letter Parliament."

Eva Slingsby Owen, West View, Barningham, Bury St. Edmunds, wins the £1 1s. this week for her suggestion above.

Why the Fight?

I am trying to get out of life only what I am entitled to—the necessaries to keep body and soul together. Why should I have to fight, and most probably push my fellow-man against the wall, just to get the means of existence? Why should anyone have to fight for an existence when there is enough and to spare for all?—*J. R., Preston.*

Lost Kit

Shipwrecked British seamen who lose their kit have no legal claim for compensation. Why should it not be made compulsory on the part of owners of British ships to defray the expense of a new kit, as it is in their service the original one has been lost?—*A. A., Buckhaven.*

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"THE GUARDIAN" (Advt.):—"FOR SALE. Wanted, Crockford 1926 or 1927."

"EVENING STANDARD":—"Contemporary opinion was to the effect that if an author cannot live WITH HIS LIFE, LET HIM SEPARATE FROM HER."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—"They reached the summit, and descended a precipice, continuing walking for hours amid unknown mountain paths AND WAISTDEEP IN BAGS."

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"EVENING NEWS" (Advt.):—"6 ft., carved bulb legs REFRACTORY TABLE and linen fold panel monk's bench."

Midwives' Fees

Under the National Health Insurance scheme, the panel doctor is certain of his fees. Not so, however, the maternity nurse, who often finds difficulty in obtaining her fee. Why not, then, when a maternity benefit is granted, pay over at least 50 per cent. of the benefit to the midwife direct from the society?—*W. S., Cardiff.*

Cheap Coal

A number of men in our valley have formed a syndicate of about sixty unemployed men. These men knew of a seam of coal which they could work, and thus have fires for the winter. The colliery stopped some time ago, so they wrote asking the company to allow them to work it. The company allowed it, on condition that the men paid royalty, about 4½d. per ton. This could be done for other unemployed if they went the right way about it.—*A Miner, Glam.*

Sign, Please!

Nearly every day anonymous letters are received at local unemployment offices, informing the manager of some person working whilst signing the unemployment register. At our local office we have had no fewer than ten such letters sent to us, and it has been our duty to stop payment to any person who has been reported. I suggest that the case should be referred to a court of referees, and if the anonymous writer of a letter will not come forward to give evidence verbally, the payment should not be discontinued, as at present.—*Dole Clerk, Wigan.*

Domestics Barred

It is almost impossible for a male or female servant to obtain a situation through an employment exchange, as such vacancies are usually given to registry offices, which exact fees from both parties. Surely, it is common-sense that efforts should be made by the exchanges to get in touch with this problem? Also, why are domestic servants not permitted to pay in for unemployment? There is a growing desire amongst servants for the introduction of unemployment benefits, which would tend to popularise this profession, now in the "dumps."—*W. E. C., Cambs.*

Cotton Fortunes

Since the war, five members of the Coats' family have died, leaving fortunes which collectively amounted to £12,787,956. I am a poor woman who ekes out a bare living by plying the needle, made more so by the terrible price I have to pay for my thread. A small reel of Coats' cotton costs me 5½d. Before the war it cost me 2d.; even at that price the cotton must have been exorbitantly profitable, because I read that, a year before the war, two of the Coats' family died leaving over £4,000,000. —*K. S., Plumstead.*

* * *

Points from Letters

We look back and see that the decisive thing in our life was just one minute.—*J. W., Lancs.*

For the last forty years or so I have been trying to say, write or do something good which will "live" after I am dead.—*J. B., London.*

I have been a victim of terrible disease and persistent misfortune for years, but my soul is not embittered.—*J. G., Montrose.*

We women are always looking for trouble, whereas men dodge it.—*F. A. C., Banbury.*

I fear that my idea has been to hope that a dim, uncertain future will bring me something out of which I feel the past has cheated me.—*I. B., Walthamstow.*

Happiness comes more from the effort even than from the achievement.—*G. A. H., Southall.*

I have long ceased trying to get anything out of life, because I never got anything but dissatisfaction.—*M. T., Liverpool.*

Security for wife and child is the particular star to which I am trying to hitch my wagon, and the joke is that they think I am inclined to be mean.—*W. O., Bridgend.*

Human affection is the great thing I am trying to get out of life. That keeps me going.—*C. E. M., London.*

My little pleasures, what are they?—a pipe, a glass of beer, and football match, and an occasional flutter with a shilling. —*H. J. P., Liverpool.*

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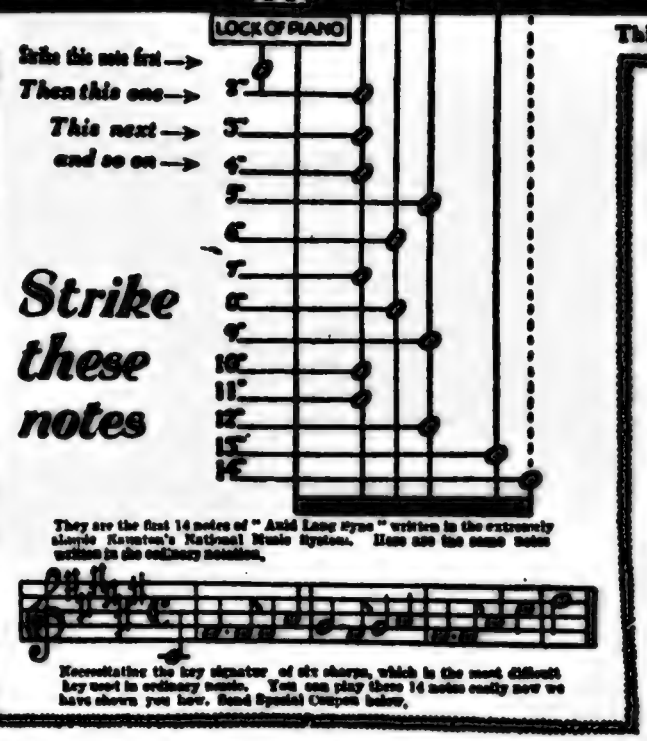
LOCK OF PIANO
Strike this note first →
Then this one →
This next →
and so on →
1st
2nd
3rd
4th
5th
6th
7th
8th
9th
10th
11th
12th
13th
14th
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NOW FOR THE SECOND LEG

Best Bet for the Cambridgeshire Puzzle

A LARGE number of bouquets, and a few bricks, have come my way as a result of the Cesarewitch. The bouquets for the each-way selection, Arctic Star, and the bricks for the dismal failure, Brown Jack.

THERE are no excuses to be made for Steve's mount. On the book, he should have finished in front of the Epsom gelding, for on the only occasion they had met, at Ascot, "Jack" was first and Arctic Star a poor ninth. I noticed that most of the jockeys complained of the poor pace, but the time was only four seconds slower than that which Eagle's Pride recorded.

ARCTIC STAR is coupled with Trelawny in my long-shot Ces. and Cambs. doubles, and JOHN BULL readers who took this wager stand a chance of bringing off a 400 to 1 shot.

THE result of the first leg of the big double is bound to lead to cramped prices for the fancied Cambridgeshire horses, as Arctic Star has been coupled with all of them. And for this reason the Jeremiahs will argue that a turn-up is certain. Some despised outsider always comes to the rescue of the layers.

I HOPE the turn-up will be Trelawny. Mr. Solly Joel has not yet disclosed his hand, but the Select Stakes showed that he holds a powerful card in Fohanaun. At the moment of writing he has Fohanaun, Trelawny and Thackeray in the race, and if he decides that, at the weights, either of the two T's stands a better chance, the pointer is obvious.

W. C. Earl, Mr. Solly Joel's trainer

FOHANAUN put up a great performance in pipping Insight II, Orbindos and Mara in the "Select," and as he meets all three on much better terms next week, it is reasonable to suppose that he will lick them again. The extra furlong is, if anything, against him, and the only one I should take to turn the tables is Orbindos.

ORBINDOS swerved at the start, but his game effort showed that he has fully recovered from the kicking he received at Lingfield in April. He was on the shelf for months and then ran down the course at Nottingham, and I relegated him to a back seat. Now, I think, he deserves one of the stalls.

AS against the weights in the Select Stakes, he meets Fohanaun on 6 lbs. better terms than in last year's Cambridgeshire, and on that occasion he finished fourth—Michael Beary thought he had won—and was a cigar's length in front of Mr. Solly Joel's horse.

THE race is a Chinese puzzle, and it is foolish to put up a definite selection until some owners have clarified the air, but for those who are taking a price I suggest

ORBINDOS—each way.

If all goes well I shall code Gwilt's horse next week, together with one of Mr. Joel's.

ANY penciller gifted with sufficient nerve to offer extravagant odds that Arabella, Reedsmouth and The Black Abbot would all figure among the "also rans" in the Middle Park Stakes would have made a fortune, if he had not been put in a mad-house before the "off." The turn-up was by far the biggest surprise of the season, but don't run away with the notion that Costaki Pasha is likely to turn out the best three-year-old.

THE Aga Khan's colt slammed the bunch, but it was one of the occasions which calls for that somewhat hackneyed phrase, "Horses are not machines." It was asking for trouble giving Arabella another race at such short notice. Neither she nor Reedsmouth appeared to be unlucky, but Richards, who rode The Black Abbot, had the misfortune to be on a loose saddle. It will be as well to remember that Gay Day, close up fourth after losing half-a-dozen lengths at the start, was heavily backed.

NEWBURY provides another splendid programme this week-end, with the Autumn Handicap the tit-bit of the meeting. Your Call, from Chapman's clever little stable, may capture this event. On the opening day Lemaway and Steel-Point may score, and in addition to Your Call on Saturday, I suggest Kopi and N.P.B. as a likely double.

APROPOS my last week's list of staying stallions, my French correspondent reminds me that the progeny of Massine, Fillibert de Savoie and Le Capucin, who finished first, second and fourth in the Ascot Gold Cup of 1924, are now coming into training, and anything bred by one of these three inseparables ought to be richly endowed with stamina. The French are also turning out staying handicappers sired by By Jingo, who was a double winner of the Manchester Cup and also carried off the Gold Cup at Ascot.

SOME time ago I called attention to the tell-tale tables in *The Sporting Life Racing and Football Weekly Edition*. These, as I pointed out, gave the entire fixtures for the first, second, third—Northern and Southern—and Scottish Leagues, and that as the matches were played the scores replaced the dates. As the "Soccer" season is now well under way, the tables now give football form at a glance, and I know that all competition readers will find them invaluable. It is one of the regrets of JOHN BULL'S football expert that he cannot reproduce them, but they would occupy two pages of this journal, and the space cannot be spared.

"SILVER RING."

TWO coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

W A B 4 H E 2 N Z R V U Q S

F G T K D I Y X L P M J C O

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be. WZGVEXAS would read FLAMINGO.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, October 24, to Tuesday, October 30.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

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"Soccer" Selections

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6 HOME.—Blackburn, Manchester C., Blackpool, Doncaster, Wrexham, Glasgow Rangers.
5 HOME.—Manchester C., Grimsby, Brighton, Luton, Glasgow Rangers.
4 HOME.—Blackburn, West Bromwich, Doncaster, Luton.
3 AWAY.—Preston, Bradford C., Celtic.
3 DRAWN.—Clapton v. Hull, New Brighton v. Stockport, Charlton v. Swindon.
3 HOME, 3 AWAY.—Portsmouth, Wrexham, Kilmarnock, Preston, Motherwell.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Everton, Celtic, Bristol C. v. Notts County.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUES I. and II.).—Blackburn, Manchester C., Portsmouth, Grimsby, West Bromwich.

FORECASTS FOR NOVEMBER 3.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Burnley, Cardiff, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester U.
AWAY WINNERS.—Blackburn, Huddersfield, Sunderland.
DRAWN.—Aston Villa v. Derby, Leicester v. Sheffield W., West Ham v. Manchester C.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Hull, Middlesbrough, Millwall, Notts Co., Port Vale, Preston, Southampton, Tottenham.
AWAY WINNER.—Stoke.
DRAWN.—Oldham v. Swansea, Wolverhampton v. Chelsea.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern).

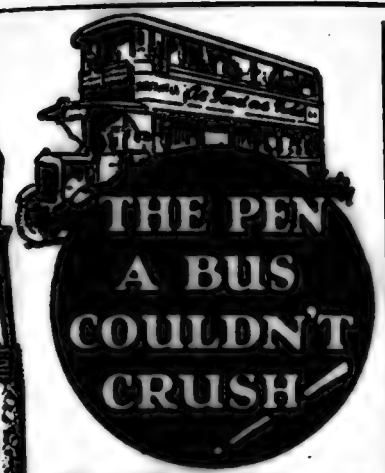
HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Bradford C., Carlisle, Halifax, Lincoln, Stockport, Tranmere, Wigan.
AWAY WINNER.—South Shields.
DRAWN.—Crewe v. Darlington, Hartlepools v. Doncaster.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Bristol R., Crystal Palace, Fulham, Gillingham, Plymouth, Queen's Park Rangers, Swindon, Torquay, Walsall, Watford.
DRAW.—Newport v. Luton.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Celtic, Cowdenbeath, Motherwell, Partick, St. Mirren, Third Lanark.
AWAY WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Hearts, Glasgow Rangers.
DRAW.—Airdrie v. Dundee.



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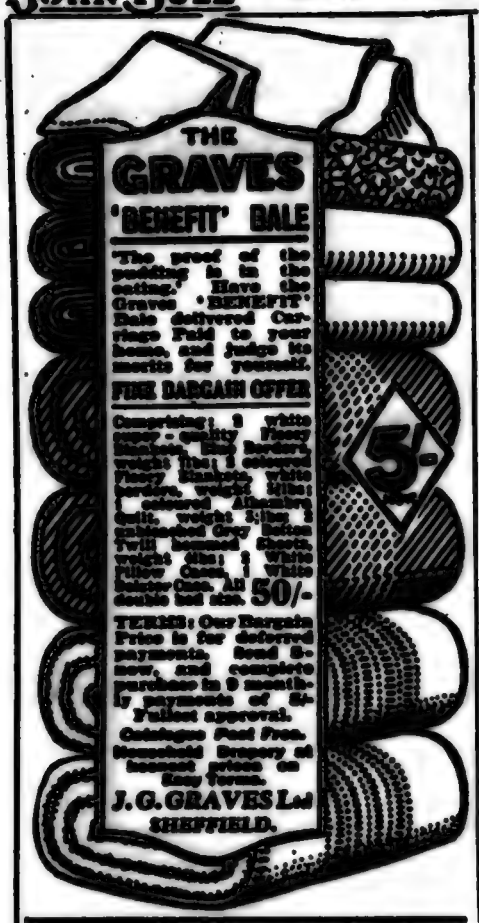
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Bullets Prize-winners *(Continued from page 43.)*

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G. S. Latimer, 10, Atlantic Av., Belfast.
Too Easy—For Scientists, Church's Explanation.
J. Lloyd, 106, Dinas Road, Dinas, Rhondda.
Ready To Fight—Time Taxpayer "Showed Himself."
M. J. Maseley, 17, Kingsway, Altrincham.
Sheltered—Umbrella Industry—By Climate.
P. G. Smith, Lyndhurst, Bell Lane, Kesgrave.
Towards The Light—When Government "Snuff It."
R. Vaughan, Knolton, Ellesmere, Salop.
Lady Prisoner—Charged Police With Abduction.
A. Vickers, 235, Admiralty Road, Rosyth, Dunfermline.
Towards The Light—Nations—But Carrying Explosives.
W. Winstanley, Daisy Hill, Euxton, Chorley.
Debt Of Gratitude—When *Creditor* Dodges *Debtor*.

100 10s. Prize-winners:

F. A. Alderslade, 39, Walmer Rd., Plumstead, S.E.
Miss M. Allan, 1, Allan's Cotts., Dumoun.
H. Allchurch, 45, Hollis Rd., Coventry.
Mrs. E. Axe, 27, Rugby Pl., Kemp Town, Brighton.
T. P. Baldwin, St. Anthony's, Felpham, Bognor.
J. Beard 34, Manor St., St. Helens.
F. W. Beckey, 29, Oliver Rd., Southsea.
S. Beckley, 29, Canal St., Oxford.
J. Blaset, 26, Fraser Pl., Aberdeen.
C. Blumenson, 64, Kensington Rd., London, S.E.
W. Bolton, 37, Adelaide Rd., London, W.
Miss M. Browne, 2, Blacker Rd., N., Birkby.
E. Burns, 106, Shenstone Rd., Bottom Park, B'ham.
T. Butterworth, 22, William St., Hunslet.
R. R. Cable, Church Rd., Theberton, Suffolk.
B. Cartwright, 3, Hardman St., Failsworth, M/c.
Miss K. Chapman, High St., Bishbrook, Lincoln.
H. Clark, 5, Gordon Terr, Stockton-on-Tees.
J. Clayton, Outfall Farm, Algarkeir, Nr. Boston.
N. Clayton, Carlton, Moorland Terr., Cinla, Neath.
H. Clifton, 33, Prince Alfred St., Gosport.
R. A. Clipston, 11, Cromwell Av., Bromley.
G. Coe, 27, Maple Av., Ylewsley.
W. Corke, 45, May St., Cardiff.
R. Cox, c/o 47, Saxondale Dr., Highbury Vale, Notts.
J. R. Cralk, 6, Bridge St., Inverness.
C. A. Cundy, 91, Beaconsfield Rd., Southall.
Mrs. T. Dunk, 40, Lennox St., Brighton.
S. Eds, North Bradley, Trowbridge, Wilts.
A. H. Edwards, 40, Crowndale Rd., Oakley Sq., N.W.
F. Ellis, 16, Cash Lane, Coventry.
T. J. Eveleigh, 23, Castle St., Barry.
Mrs. Farrow, 13, Summerley St., Parkfield, S.W.
H. R. Forster, Waldingfield Rd., Sudbury, Suffolk.
G. France, "Claremont," Woodstock Rd., Barnsley.
Mrs. Garthwaite, 9, Keswick St., Gateshead-on-Tyne.
Mrs. Gray, 4, Crofton St., South Shields.
Miss M. Hall, 62, Hannah St., Gollyhurst, M/c.
J. W. Hargreaves, 23, Mornington Rd., Sale, M/c.
Miss D. Harris, 10, Foulgers Opening, Norwich.
F. Hatch, Newbridge, Cadnam, Southampton.
W. Hawksworth, 28, Stockbridge St., Everton.
W. Hills, 10, Fuss Av., Waddon, Surrey.
Mrs. G. Hirst, 238, Longwood Rd., Huddersfield.
Mrs. S. Holden, 11, Barden Lane, Burnley.
W. E. Hollister, 37, Prospect Hill, Swindon.
H. J. Hooper, 48 Mary St., Seven Sisters, Neath.
A. Hunt, 23, Dunbar Rd., Forest Gate, E.
C. Icough, 114, Narbonne Av., Clapham Common, S.W.
S. N. Isaacs, 15, Rotunda Terr., Cheltenham.
A. A. Jay, 75, Shadwell St., Norwich.
V. H. Jeffery, Ashley, Onchan, Isle of Man.
A. E. Johnson, 120, High St., Berkhamstead.
D. J. Jones, Dumfries, Newbridge, Mon.
E. Kent, Ashleigh, St. Columb Rd., Praddon.
H. Knowles, "Avalon," 67, Warren Av., Bromley.
P. J. Langan, 14, Gordon St., Southport.
A. E. Leadley, 7, Sidney Terr., Sidney St., Hull.
Miss G. Lester, 32, Fonsford Rd., Knowle, Bristol.
R. Lever, 33, Bridgewater Rd., Walkden.
J. Lunn, 14, Hallfield Rd., Bradford, Yorks.
E. Lustig, 28, Cambridge Gdns., Winchmore Hill, N.
P. McMonagle, 2, St. Eunans Terr., Letterkenny.
J. McVinnie, Waterbeck, Lockerbie, N.B.
W. Meader, 94, Grove St., Southampton.
Mrs. M. A. Michel, 3, Chaucer Rd., Forest Gate, E.
Mrs. E. Mitchell, 25, Battlefield Av., Glasgow.
W. Mitchell, 56, Summer Row, Birmingham.
F. Murphy, 52, Canada St., Sheffield.
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Mrs. C. Oller, Elmbank, Spring Grove, Loughton.
Mrs. G. Pavitt, 227, Western Bank, Sheffield.
Miss S. M. Parker, 34, Stevenage Rd., Fulham, S.W.
C. R. Parker, Sutherland House, Preston, Yeovil.
N. Peters, 1, Providence Terr., Sandland, Kent.
A. E. Price, 34, Highclever Rd., North Kensington.
Miss E. Proctor, 120, Stockport Rd., Ashton-u-Lyne.
G. Prosser, 131, Twickenham Rd., Leyton, E.
H. R. Prudhomme, 28, Downham Rd., Ely, Cambs.
W. Ready, 6, St. Peter St., Roath, Cardiff.
Mrs. J. Rowden, 44, Holmside Ave., Gillingham, Kent.
E. Rutter, "Crossgar," Downham Rd., Heswall, Ches.
Mrs. Samuel, 5, Wigs Terr., Sherwood, Nottingham.
J. A. Saunders, 15, Cwmdcdine St., Merthyr Tydfil.
A. J. Scutt, 11, St. Mary's Rd., Reigate.
Mrs. N. Simpkin, c/o 4, Tyne Tce., North Shields.
A. Skinner, 102, Bearonsfield Rd., Hastings.
Miss M. Spencer, 2, Blackrock Rd., Cork.
H. Swallow, Thursley, Godalming, Surrey.
R. Tennant, "Rocklyn," Raven Meols Lane, Formby.
H. Thomas, c/o 3, St. Leonards St., Bedford.
P. B. Thomas, Lower Albert Rd., Evesham.
Mrs. Tompkins, 56, Rookwood Crescent, Leeds.
H. Walters, 33, Springfield Rd., Blackpool.
F. Warren, 45, Sutherland Rd., Brighton.
R. Whitehead, Park St., Towcester, Northants.
A. Williams, Limes Ave., Standish, Wigan.
J. Williams, 52, Warrior Sq., St. Leonards-on-Sea.
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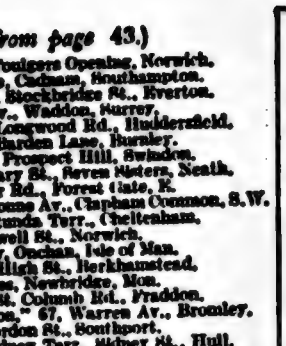
A Complete List of 500 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."
The original cheque for £2,500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 500 will be shown in the window of Mr. J. C. Grindley, 78a, Aigburth Road, Liverpool.



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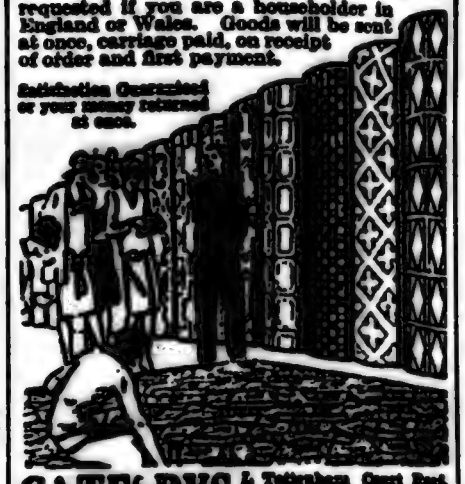

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JOHN BULL Replies

Our Free Advice Service: *Pension puzzles, assurance wangles, income-tax perplexities, prospectus frauds, doorstep diddles, baby welfare—these and scores of other matters are dealt with every day by experts on behalf of our readers. Whatever your own puzzle may be, send particulars of it, with stamped, addressed envelope, and those most clever with your particular difficulty will tell you how to proceed.*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

P. D. (Bristol).—"I enclose a crime story." Verdict: Guilty.

F. C. (Chester).—"How can I cure a lisp?" By pertheveranth.

C. P. (Doncaster).—"All women can act." At least, they can all make a scene.

F. M. (Harwich).—"I'm going to Canada to take up land." A shovelful at a time?

A. C. (Ramsgate).—"Who is Bernard Shaw's favourite author?" Bernard Shaw.

G. L. (London, N.).—"There are only two persons I really admire." Who's the other?

H. A. (Fulham).—"Why did she close her eyes when I kissed her?" Look in the mirror.

L. S. (Hampstead).—"He ran from one pub to the other shouting and singing." A pint-to-pint race.

P. R. (Taplow).—"He was ill-treating the donkey, so I made him stop it." That was brotherly love.

L. P. (Esher).—"I am glad to be able to write to you so often." So far, we haven't shared your joy.

L. B. (Bradford).—"I motored past your office, but didn't see you." We've no time to look out at 'buses.

B. T. (Goole).—"Although nearly sixty, I do physical exercises every morning." It's never too late to bend.

N. D. (Brechin).—"What is the best day of the week to call on you?" To-morrow. Always to-morrow.

A. S. S. (Dunkirk).—"I have never seen my name in print." Well, feast your eyes on your interesting initials.

L. Y. (Highgate).—"He always pulls his barrow instead of pushing it." Perhaps he hates the sight of the thing.

Mrs. T. (Barmouth).—"Every woman is interested in wireless." Of course. Every woman is a broadcasting station.

C. P. (Harrow).—"He asked me for a dance, but I said I was very particular as to whom I danced with." He evidently wasn't.

G. N. (Swansea).—"Plan out your Christmas presents now." We hear that many Scots are again giving homing pigeons.

B. T. (Gorbals).—"The bridegroom was very silent at the wedding breakfast." Perhaps he realised that he'd already said too much.

G. M. (Highbury).—"Since I have had the telephone installed, my wife is always ringing up the drapers." She must think it is a clothes-line.

B. K. (Portmadoc).—"I'm sure I should grow weary of a long voyage before it was over." Most likely you'd get sick almost at once.

H. P. (Norwich).—"I believe that if the end of the world suddenly came, he would be found at the bridge-table." Keeping it up to the last trump, in fact.

B. R. (Fambridge).—"Hats off to the past." And coats off to the future.

B. L. (Edmonton).—"What is a low-brow?" A man who refuses to be bored.

N. H. (Bolton).—"She left me there like a silly ass." But can she help your natural formation?

J. P. (Mitcham).—"Is it very hard to become an actor?" Not so hard as it is to be able to act.

F. L. (Belfast).—"You must apologise for calling me a fool." We are very sorry you are a fool.

VOCALIST (Penge).—"Many popular songs are very silly." And many silly songs are very popular.

S. D. (Lewes).—"I have just come back from the cemetery. Do you know who was dead?" All of them.

A. V. (Brighton).—"He left her a fortnight ago and hasn't come back." Has she searched the telephone kiosks?

JIM (St. Pancras).—"I am a goer, I am." We know—always going to do something, but never make a start.

D. H. C. (Bridgend).—"Have you ever had stomach trouble?" We are not wealthy enough to afford appendicitis.

DORA (Kensington).—"Practically nothing in the way of clothes suits me." And it's getting too chilly to wear that.

H. D. (Leeds).—"You haven't all the sense in the world, you know." But you are scarcely qualified to write and tell us so.

P. B. (Bath).—"Do you suffer fools gladly?" Not exactly, but you must admit that we've always been polite to you.

D. L. (Bradford).—"I owe a lot of money, so have made up my mind to write for your journal." We will publish this joke, anyway.

M. F. B. (Emsworth).—"What is better than knowing how to say the right thing at the right time?" Keeping quiet when there is nothing to say.

R. C. (Manchester).—"The wife of an election agent who lives next door has

just given birth to quadruplets." Did he demand a recount?

D. M. (Manchester).—"I have a thick head of hair." Why the last two words?

TOM (Sudbury).—"I am worth two thousand a year." How much do you get?

H. D. (Gosport).—"As I was ill last week, you would miss my usual letter." Not a bit.

R. E. H. (Kingston-on-Thames).—"One would think I was a perfect fool." What—only one?

F. F. (Poulton).—"Hard words break no bones." They're not aimed at bones. They break hearts.

C. L. (Camden Town).—"I got £10 for a broken toe." Who on earth did you find willing to buy it?

Mrs. R. (Grange-over-Sands).—"Girls will go without food to buy clothes." Then why don't they?

GOLFER (Staines).—"What do you think I went round in?" Double what you're going to tell us.

J. G. (Twyford).—"Is it unhealthy for bathers to keep under water?" Not unless they do so permanently.

N. P. (Sutton).—"I have a rare plant belonging to the cactus family." Why don't you send it back to them?

Mrs. G. (Bradford).—"How can I discourage this constant stream of visitors?" Treat them as members of the family.

N. H. (Stockbridge).—"Have you a man in your office with one eye called Smith?" What's the other eye called?

LESLIE (York).—"So now I shall ask her to kiss and make up." But, if you kiss her carefully, she'll not need to make up.

W. B. (Portslade).—"I think my grandson works at your office." Yes, we remember him going to your funeral last year.

C. D. (Farnborough).—"A man can't keep two wives without getting into trouble." Unless one happens to be his son's wife.

FOOTBALL FAN (Portsmouth).—"Though the referee said it was a goal, it wasn't." And what did the football edition say?

C. T. R. (Ainsdale).—"You can trust some people to the utmost ends of the earth." And you can't trust others unless they are there.

V. L. (Newark).—"I have been writing down my thoughts in a diary for the past three years." Then you must have the first page nearly full.

B. D. (Colchester).—"My handicap is plus four." That's a big family these days. Let's hope you'll soon be plus that *Bullets* £4,000!

T. H. R. (Chester).—"Though I don't want to lose them, the dentist says that several hollow teeth of mine must go." Well, if he can't stop them, who can?

W. P. (Ashford).—"The very next time our maid comes in late after her weekly day out, I shall stop her leave." But you won't be able to stop her leaving.

"MUSICIAN" (Clapham).—"I have begun composing a new opera, and am tremendously excited about it." Don't you think you had better start by composing yourself?

SHEILA F. (Newquay).—"I strolled right down to the water's edge, and sadly blew farewell kisses to the sea." And weren't you touched by its farewell waves in return?

T. B. (Ewell).—"Sometimes I feel C3." It's probably only a temporary CD feeling.

E. H. (Cheapside).—"I take the largest hat in our office." Naturally? Or just swelled head?

O. Y. (Wigan).—"Many comedians are not funny in private life." The last three words are unnecessary.

P. S. (Castleford).—"What is the technical way of describing steam?" Water gone dizzy with heat.

A. G. (Lancaster).—"I mean to hear all sides at the General Election." It may be prudent to "Hear, hear" all sides.

KATE (Torquay).—"The weakest sex is the strongest to-day." Because of the weakness of the stronger for the weaker?

Mrs. R. (Bolton).—"Women will know how to vote when the time comes." They always did know how to make one cross.

D. R. (Offord).—"When I was young I was warned that I'd become feeble-minded if I didn't stop smoking." Why didn't you stop?

F. J. (Swansea).—"Why does one always find a thing in the last place in which one looks?" Because when it's found one stops looking for it.

MARY (Loughborough).—"How did the park-keeper know the couple cuddling on the bench weren't married?" Because they were cuddling on the bench.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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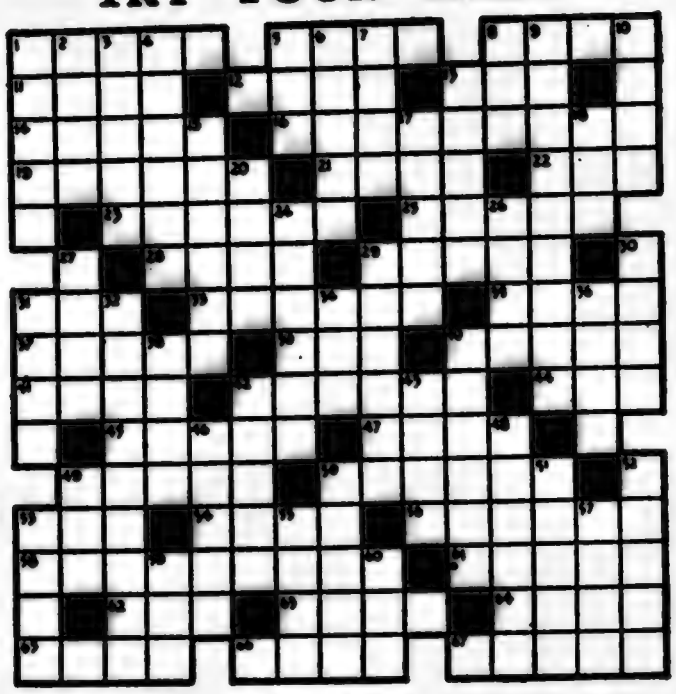
Our Cross Word Corner

TRY YOUR SKILL



CLUES ACROSS

1. Shrub fence.
5. Stop.
8. Old sailor.
11. State.
12. Male attendant.
13. Small quantity of liquid.
14. Surgical silk.
16. Chew.
19. Surgical saw.
21. Scrap of news.
22. Outer edge.
23. Come back.
25. Turkish government.
28. Lower part of a wall.
29. A dwarf.
31. Seated.
33. Caught.
35. To yield.
37. Grown person.
39. A weight.
40. Pertaining to punishment.
41. Simple.
42. Make good.
44. A gratuity.
45. Designated.
47. Riding whip.
49. Leathern strip.
50. Young cow.
53. Flowering plant.
54. Roman Emperor.
56. Brawny.
58. Revolt.
61. Swollen.
62. To wager.
63. Oblique.
64. Existence.
65. Equal.
66. Joke.
67. Weasel-like animal.

CLUES DOWN

1. Hurry.
2. Always.
3. Prevent.
4. Scorched by feeling.
5. Cured pork.
6. Once more.
7. In case.
8. As written.
9. A room.
10. Prolific.
13. The simple one.
15. Floating.
17. Lukewarm.
18. Neckwear.
20. Naked.
24. Decayed.
26. A cereal.
27. A huzzy.
29. To threaten.
30. Assistance.
31. Similar.
32. Revolving platform.
34. Boy's plaything.
36. Raised platform.
38. Shakespearean king.
40. Pecuniary gain.
42. To drive back.
43. The rainbow.
46. Brave.
48. Last syllable of a word but one.
49. Observe.
50. For catching fish.
51. To relax.
52. A beverage.
53. Support.
55. To rebel.
57. The better half.
59. Human organ.
60. Free of deductions.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 2.

Crosswords! Enter for "The People's" Crossword Competition—the fairest of all. £500 must be won. Get "The People" next Sunday.

"Burlington" Regd.

12/9

C 4273
Willow Calf one-bar, with cap. 1¼ in. Shaped Heel. Sizes 2-8. Half-sizes 2½ 7½. Also with low heel.

A Burlington Shoe for 12/9!

— astounding value even for F.H.W.! By concentrating huge resources on a few chosen lines F.H.W. are able to offer this and a few other shoes at shillings less than the previous prices. In quality, in style, in every respect it is of true Burlington value—our 50 years' reputation is guarantee of that. See this line at your local branch to-day!

TEST BURLINGTON VALUE BY POST

Order a pair of Burlingtons. Simply state shoe number and size and send a pencil outline of your foot, with remittance. (Foreign orders must include enough for postage). We send goods post free in U.K., and guarantee to satisfy you.

Freeman, Hardy and Willis, Ltd.

OVER 500 SHOPS — OVER 500 SHOPS

206, BUTLAND STREET, LEICESTER.

TO THE SCEPTICAL

Digestive Troubles

Sufferers from digestive disorders who have failed to obtain relief from the various remedies tried may be inclined to regard them all with a certain amount of mistrust.

Messrs. Savory & Moore recommend even those who are prejudiced against remedies of this nature to give Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges a trial in view of the remarkable and continuous accounts of benefits received. The function of these Lozenges is briefly to neutralise the acidity to which most digestive disorders are due. They give immediate relief in cases of Heartburn, Flatulence, Fulness, etc., and they are quite harmless, containing nothing in the nature of a drug.

The name of Dr. Jenner, who originally prescribed these lozenges, coupled with that of Savory & Moore, who supply them, may be taken as a guarantee of their genuineness and may act as an inducement for giving them a trial.

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/- of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention "John Bull," and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Another MEREDITH BARGAIN
40/- BALE
SECURED FOR
10/- down, Carriage Paid.
BUY DIRECT from the Manufacturers.
One Art Down Quilt, in a variety of charming designs and colours.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, heavy-weight, whipped and bordered.
Two Coloured Fleecy Blankets, good weight, whipped and bordered.
Pair of heavy Bolton Twill Sheets, hemmed and ready for use.
Two Fine Quality Pillow Cases buttoned and button-holed.
One Bolster Case to match.
One Splendid Alhambra Quilt, charming design in blue, Pink and Gold.
Pair of heavy Turkish Towels.
All Bedding for Double-size beds.

Customers unable to send cash with order can have these goods by sending 10/- deposit: the balance can then be paid by instalments when the goods will be sent. For full cash with order we give this charming and reliable clock.

The Meredith Guarantee: We guarantee to return cash in full if you are not entirely satisfied.

G. & A. MEREDITH (Dept. C), Meredith Mills, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

Indigestion is usually caused by an excess of acid in the gastric juices, and is is therefore necessary to neutralise this acidity before relief can be obtained. This is exactly what 'Bisurated' Magnesia does; quickly, easily and surely. This world-famed remedy soothes, heals and strengthens the inflamed stomach-lining, and makes the worst sufferer well in a matter of minutes. Half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a little water, or two tablets taken after meals, means certain security from digestive troubles, no matter how long or severely you have suffered. Get a 1s. 3d. package from your chemist and realise why so many doctors recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia and why thousands of people say that they wouldn't be without it for anything.

THIS NEW ALADDIN IS REMARKABLE!

It is the altogether different incandescent paraffin lamp and gives a light equal to daylight *at its best.* It is utterly safe and does *not* work with pressure.

It is more economical and clean and possesses endless advantages over the old model. Less trimming and cleaning, longer life for the mantle, a cool burner and container and a constantly maintained light are some of the added advantages of this new No. 12 Aladdin. With all this, the cost remains the same —42/- and 6/- for the shade.

ASK FOR THE NEW NO. 12

Aladdin

INCANDESCENT PARAFFIN LAMP.

Send to us for illustrated catalogue or ask your ironmonger to show you a full range of Aladdin floor, table, hanging & bracket models. ALADDIN INDUSTRIES Ltd., 426, Aladdin House, 118 Southwark St., S.E.1. West-End S'rooms, 48 Mortimer St. (nr. Oxford Circus), W.1. Paris: 149 Boulevarde Ney

VAPEX

INHALANT

cures colds and relieves Catarrh by searching out the germs and clearing all the nasal passages

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief.

All Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

THOMASKERFOOT & Co., Ltd.

W38

THE TRAGIC FUNERAL

A Helping Hand Withdrawn

"I CAN'T understand it," said a young wife, referring to the suicide by gas-poisoning of her sister-in-law, from whose funeral she had returned. "She had no financial worry, was in a good job, and her husband and son, both in work, just loved her.

"Now, I have had such a lot of trouble with my husband out of work. When I was first married, I used to get up at six o'clock in the morning and work without ceasing to earn 2s. making nursery shoes, with hardly any food to eat. I got so depressed that I sometimes thought I would do myself in."

But she isn't the sort to run away from her troubles in this manner. She is bright and cheerful, though she has been through many dark hours. She was the eldest of eleven children, and when her mother died, she had to bring up six of them who were under fourteen.

Two years ago, her husband, a labourer, had a fall from the top of a ladder. He was terribly injured, his leg and ankle being permanently disabled.

The compensation he received expired some time ago, and he now earns approximately £1 per week selling firewood, which is not a great sum on which to maintain himself, wife and three children.

His vicar describes him as a genuine "tryer."

He is, however, fortunate in the possession of a clever little wife, who knows how to make the most of a shilling.

Prior to the birth of her baby, she worked as a waitress, and she is hoping to resume the work when her infant is older. She pointed proudly to a sewing-machine that it had taken her two years to buy in small weekly instalments, which does wonders in the way of keeping herself and children neatly clad.

But the rent is overdue, and, like many more, they need a helping hand—shadowed as they are at present by the unexpected, tragic death of their relative whose helping hand is now withdrawn.

Will our readers see that the helping hand is held out to her and others similarly placed by subscribing to "The Greatest of These . . . Fund"?

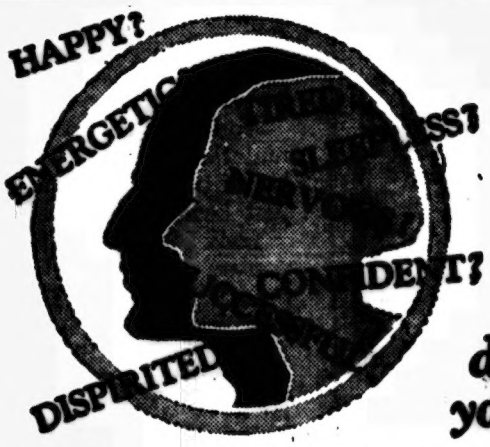
"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 23, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Anon. (Bristol), 1s.; Mrs. J. Jones (Wallasey), 1s. 6d.; J. M. S. B., 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Henry Lucas (La Plata, Argentine), 4s. 2d.; T. L. Skinner (Reading), 10s.; Irene (Seven Kings), 1s.; A. E. W., 10s.; Anon. (Wellingboro'), 5s.; Mrs. F. Donohoe (Ontario), 8s. 9d.; M. Lunan (Stockbridge), 2s. 6d.; see-M-see (Luton), 2s. 6d.; W. M. (Langside), 2s. 6d.; O. A. F. (Wimborne), 5s.; No Name No Number, 10s.; H. W. R. (Camborne), 10s.; A. E. Parkin (Exeter), 5s.; Jessie—for Luck, 2s. 6d.; Overdue, 2s.; Anon. (Ynysybwl), 1s.; Mrs. McCrosle (Coventry), 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. Johnston (Shottlestone), £3; Agnes, 10s.; A. G. R. (Brockley), 2s.; Mr. W. H. Dickson (Cockermouth), 2s. 6d.; John Bull Reader (Bridgetone), £3; Alex Moses (Withernsea), 2s.; L. J. (Cardiff), 2s.; Happy Mother of Five (Bideford), 5s.; Mr. G. F. Davis (Consett), 5s.; Mrs. Walker (Streatham Hill), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; With Love, 1s.; A Miner's Wife (Ashington), 1s.; T. W. (Bolton), 2s.; H. Oliver (Luton), 1s.; A. T. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; J. N. S. B., 2s. 6d.; R. A. H. (Ballycraigy), 5s.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; Mr. G. Price Jones (Harlech), £1 1s.; W. Bird (Belfast), 2s.; Roman Catholic (Ealing), £5; No. 23, Sennett, 2s. 6d.; Guyanne, 2s. 6d.; C. M. Odell (Ilford), 2s. 6d.; F. W. A., £1 1s.; "," 5s.; E. M. Johnson (Dubar), 2s.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Forest-sider (Epping), 2s. 6d.; Pinkie, 2s.; M. S., 1s.; Mr. C. W. L. Fothergill, 5s.; Mr. Smith (Dunbar), 2s.; Widow (Chesmstord), 2s.; Ex-Sgt. John Moris (Prosperity), £1 2s.; The Ladies of the Ship Tracing Office (Fairfield S. & E. Co. Ltd.), Govan, 10s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)



—It all depends on your glands!

Men and women! Your physical well-being—your mental vigour—your nervous health—is regulated by your glands. Your very personality is a reflection of their activity. How important then, to keep these marvellous sources of vital energy in a strong and vigorous working condition!

Nonn feeds the glands which feed the nervous system. With the very substances of Nature. With the different elements that the different nervous systems of men and women require. Two forms of Nonn! One for women. One for men. No narcotics. No drugs. Nothing habit-forming. Just the recipe of Nature in a scientific form. Your passport to health and efficiency. To happiness. To success!

Take Nonn for all symptoms of gland substance deficiency, including NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, INSOMNIA, LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE, HEADACHES, LASSITUDE, MORBID FEARS, DEPRESSION, IRRITABILITY.

FREE!

"New Light on Your Mysterious Nerves." Send to Proprietors of Nonn Ltd., for your free copy of this helpful booklet.

Nonn is obtainable from all chemists in tablet form, price, 3/- per bottle containing 18 days' supply. Red Cartons for Men. Blue Cartons for Women.

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THE LINE THAT WILL WIN THE "BULLETS" £4,000

By the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

An exclusive article specially written for EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY by the Competition Editor of John Bull, appears in to-day's issue of EVERYBODY'S to assist and guide you to the magnificent prize of £4,000 offered by John Bull for FOUR WORDS. It is the largest prize ever offered in the history of Literary Competitions, and is the biggest must-be-won prize before you.

Remember somebody must win that "Bullets" £4,000—and YOU ought to make sure that you do. EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY can—and will—help you, just as it has helped others in the past to win big prizes. Readers of EVERYBODY'S have

WON OVER £100,000

in competition prizes. And you can win, too. So get a copy of EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY now and get busy on your coupons.

EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, which is also the Competitors' Journal, has the most complete and efficient competition service of any paper in the country. Every branch of competitions is conducted by an expert—Crosswords, Picture Puzzles, Football Forecasts, etc., etc. For the Literary contests, such as "Bullets," etc., EVERYBODY'S has a staff of skilled writers who review the prize lines, examine and analyse all the examples before you for the new contest, tell you what ideas have scored before and are not likely to score again, what lines of thought are apt to be duplicated.

This entire service is offered you FREE. So if you want that £4,000 you cannot do better than get EVERYBODY'S to help you.

"EVERYBODY'S" GIVES MORE

than all this. In addition to its excellent competition features, EVERYBODY'S gives you pages and pages of pictures, the work of the world's greatest artists, and short stories and articles by the world's greatest writers. It is a wonderful twopennyworth quite apart from its competition features, which in themselves are the best available. This week, you get in all, 36 big periodical pages packed with bright reading. Search the bookstall and you will not find better value for your twopence.

EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY

OUT TO-DAY. EVERYWHERE 2d.

You will also get this additional service—

Legal advice by a leading London firm of Solicitors—FREE. Medical advice by a leading London doctor—FREE. Advice on all your financial and income-tax problems—FREE. And if your newsagent is sold out, you can get a copy of EVERYBODY'S—FREE also.

FREE So confident are we that you will like EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, that we will send you a copy Free and Post Paid, because we know that once you have seen the paper you will become a reader. Sit down and write a post-card now to the Publisher, EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY (Dept. J.B.), 214, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

JOHN BULL'S SENSATIONAL OFFER

£38,229 in "Bullets" cash prizes already awarded this year. Make this £4,000 yours!

Your "Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Saturday, Nov. 10.
Bullet _____ £4000
Example _____
Bullet _____

(694) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on next page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

WIN THIS RECORD PRIZE!

ALL records have been shattered this week by the stupendous "Bullets" offer now before you. A sensational First Prize of £4,000 cash for a few words MUST BE WON by some competitor. The winner may be you, sir—or you, madam!

You may be new to "Bullets," but these pages provide all the material you need to build your fortune. The rules are simple and the list of twenty-three prize-winning "Bullets" for which £780 cash has just been awarded is a sure guide to success.

Look through the £4,000 Examples, select one which gives you an idea and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS with some apt and original bearing upon it. Thus, if you choose the Example "THE GOVERNMENT TEAM," the added words, MAKING THE ELECTORS "KICK" would make a "Bullet."

Now for the battle of wits! To the victor, the spoils of £4,000. To those whose "Bullets" come next in order of merit, 2,173 other cash prizes from £200 down to 2/6. To all who enter, the thrill of competing in the biggest and best of 694 "Bullets" contests!

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN. You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful consideration.

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Example _____
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Example _____
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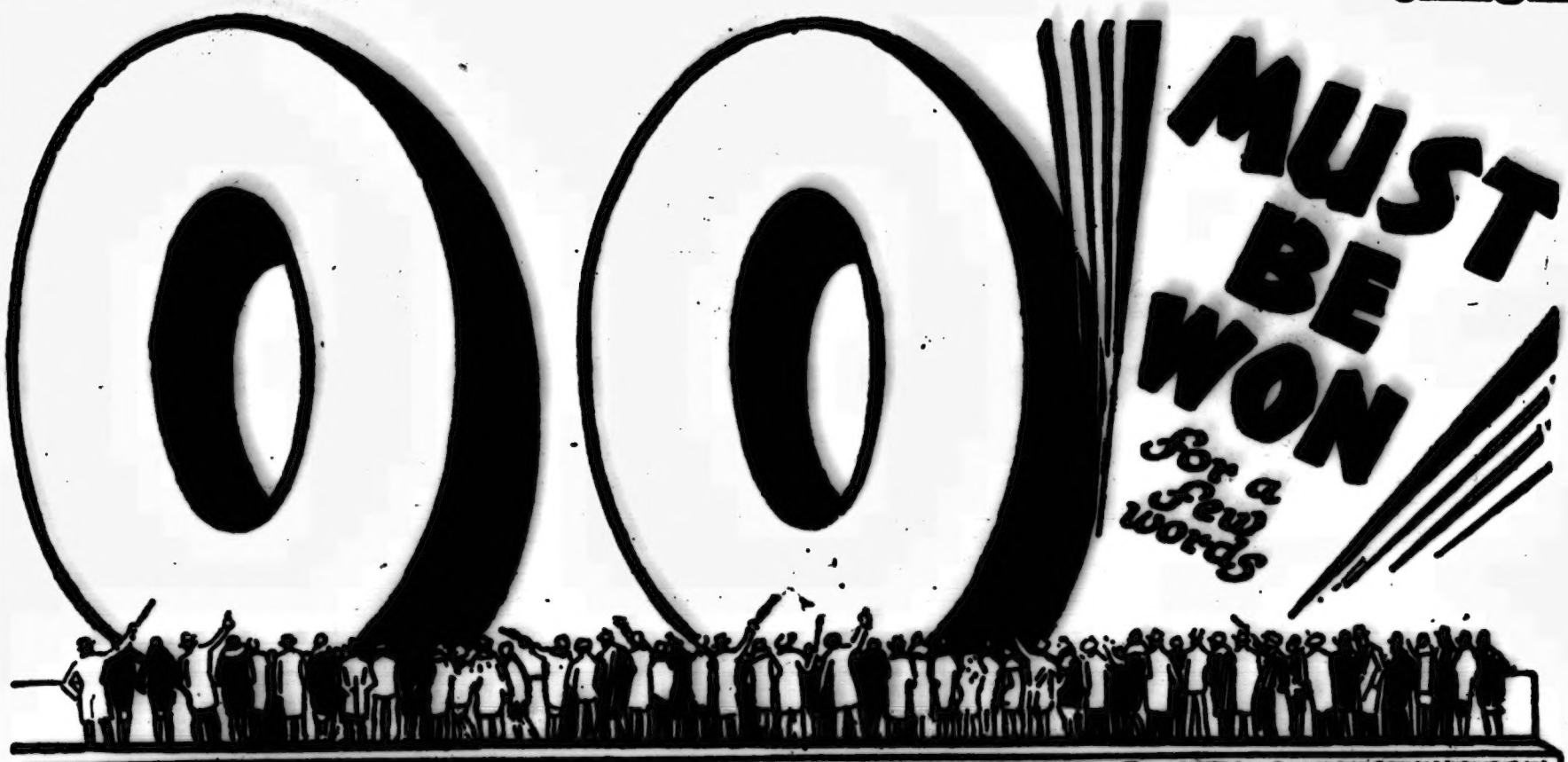

BULLETS' COLOSSAL 1ST PRIZE

CHOOSE FROM THESE EXAMPLES

REMEMBER
BRIGHTER BRITAIN
MUST BE WON
OUR BOYS
THE TRUTH IS
A SIMPLE MATTER
IF THE WORLD'S WISE
PROMISES
LOVINGLY
THE GOVERNMENT TEAM
GENERALLY
WE ALL KNOW WHY
I'LL BE HAPPY WHEN
YELLING

THANKS TO FATHER
GETTING ON
MAN ON THE DOLE
EVERYBODY
SOOTHING SYRUP
A CALAMITY
INEVITABLE
MY HUSBAND
"ASK"
TRADE REVIVAL
ONE CONSOLATION
SURPRISE OF MY LIFE
I WISH I HADN'T
DOCTOR BALDWIN

TELEVISION
BETTER MAN
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE
A KNOTTY PROBLEM
THE BUREAUCRATS
BY THE THOUSAND
"HUSH! HUSH!"
THE NEXT
WITHOUT WOMEN
NURSING THE CONSTITUENCY
TRYING TO BE FUNNY
WHAT WILL FUTURE BRING?

ENTRY FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order, inserting its number in space provided on coupon.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 694, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Closing Date, Saturday, Nov. 10.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

£4000

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Address _____

Closing Date, Saturday, Nov. 10.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

£4000

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I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

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Address _____

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 691

FIRST PRIZE OF 600 GUINEAS:

MR. W. F. CRABTREE, 52, Heidelberg Road, Bradford, Yorks.
Example:—FATHER'S SHIP
Bullet:—LIKE COUPONS—"MILES OUT."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. A. H. HILLIE, 5, Hazrell Street, Edinburgh.
Example:—MYSTERY OF LIFE
Bullet:—WHY PRESS? ENJOY MAGIC!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. KEEN, 12, Gordon Street, Wandsworth, S.W.
Example:—EVERY MINUTE
Bullet:—PROCHAL'S MOTHER EXECUTING KNOCK.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

A. J. EVANS, 89, Hythe Road, Brighton.
OUR SCIENTISTS—SAVING HUMANITY—DESTROYING FAITH.

Miss A. FARRAR, 2, Rathbone Place, Leicester.
FEELING THE DRAUGHT—FROM "BUTTERFLY'S WINGS," HUSBAND.

J. V. HARDY, 137, Claude Old Road, Stockport.
READY TO FIGHT—THOUGH "UNFIT," MANY CANDIDATES.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

C. McDERMOTT, 241, Hamilton Road, Longsight, M/c.
OUR SCIENTISTS—"GROPING"—GOVERNMENT REFUSES "CANDLE."

A. B. MOYES, 43, Brechin Road, Arbroath.
BEAUTY IS DUTIFUL—PRODUCES HANDKERCHIEF—"BLINDFOLD" JURY.

Mrs. POWIS, Kingsley Road, Knighton, Radnor.
NOT ENOUGH TO DO—GOSSIPMONGERS—BUT DO ENOUGH.

W. A. ROBINSON, 128, Henderson Street, Glasgow.
LADY PASSENGER—SMOKES—DAUGHTER'S JUST "LADY."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. R. A. GUNN, 13, Lyndale Road, Bristol.
TOWARDS THE LIGHT—MANKIND—WAR'S "TORCH" EXTINGUISHED.

J. SINCLAIR, 16, Garturk Street, Glasgow.
"DO YOU LOVE ME?"—"STATE YOUR INTENTIONS, STANLEY!"

H. STANNARD, Watling Street, Brownhills, nr. Walsall.
A TON OF COAL—DEATH CLAIMS "ROYALTIES" TOO.

10 Prizes of £2 10 each:

A. AYRES, Burnham Thorpe, nr. Lynn, Norfolk.
MEANS NOTHING—SONG—EXCEPT AUTHOR'S FORTUNE.

A. DALE, 7, Boulton Street, Stoke-on-Trent.
STROKE OF GENIUS—EXCUSE DULL PUPIL INVENTED.

(Continued on page 38).

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Closing Date, Saturday, Nov. 10.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

£4000

(694) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

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Great Epidemic of
DEADLY CATARRH
(Chronic Cold in the Head)

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OF MARVELLOUS NEW REMEDY

SEND A POSTCARD TO-DAY.

28 Years' Catarrh Victim.
Can now Taste, Smell and Hear.

Mrs. ANKIN.

Mrs. Ankin, 14, Barton Road, Ely, Cambs., writes:—"Five months ago the 'Shirley System' completely cured me after 28 years awful suffering from Chronic Catarrh. I can now taste, smell, hear and breathe properly. I can even see better and my general health is wonderful. I feel a new woman! So great is the change that I have to 'look round' sometimes to make sure it is really me! Since I was a little girl I have been trying 'remedies,' but the 'Shirley System' is the only treatment that has had the slightest effect."—October 1st, 1928.

A Miracle Cure in Ten Days.
Years of Suffering Ended.

Mr. J. E. GIBBINGS.

Mr. J. E. Gibbings, 118, Redland Road, Bristol, writes:—"Six months ago your splendid treatment was successful in completely curing me of Chronic Catarrh from which I had suffered for years. The cure was effected in 10 days and I have not had any recurrence of the trouble since. The Catarrh was accompanied by heavy sneezing bouts, difficulty in breathing and throat trouble. The hearing and the digestive systems were affected. Other 'remedies' tried and proved unavailing, giving only temporary relief."—September 27th, 1928.

3 Years' Chronic Catarrh Cured.
Splendid Health Ever Since.

Mr. R. STANAWAY.

Mr. R. Stanaway, 22, Castle Hill Road, Penrith, Cumberland, writes:—"For 7 months now I have enjoyed splendid health, thanks to the wonderful 'Shirley System' which completely cured me after I had suffered from Chronic Catarrh for three years. The treatment proved most beneficial to me in every way. I was always catching colds and sneezing. I could not breathe through the nose and every change in the weather made me worse. I suffered from cough, headaches and pains over the eyes and was always hawking to clear the throat."—September 26th, 1928.

Catarrh and Noises Cured in 10 Days.
"I feel quite a Different Person!"

Miss CICELY NEW.

Miss Cicely New, 5, Undercliff Drive W., Southborne, Bournemouth, writes:—"Over 6 months ago the 'Shirley System' completely cured me of Catarrh and since that time I have not had any return of even one of the symptoms. I was really cured in 10 days, and thanks to your wonderful treatment I feel quite a different person now! My case was one of frequent colds set up by every change in the weather. These caused difficult breathing, headaches, sore throat, dry cough, headaches, a tired feeling on rising, etc."—September 26th, 1928.

A veritable epidemic of Catarrh is sweeping the British Isles at present. Our treacherous climate scores again!

Are YOU a victim of this dangerous ailment? If so, don't neglect it, or regard it with indifference, or it may endanger your life. Write to me to-day for a 10 Day's Free Trial of my well-known "Shirley System," which will give you immediate relief and hasten cure.

I have specialised in the treatment, relief and cure of this distressing and endangering condition for many years, and I would strongly advise every sufferer to give my system a personal trial just now. The symptoms are easy for any one to diagnose.

If you expectorate often.
If you feel tired on rising.
If your eyes are "watery."
If you have frontal headaches.
If "crusts" form in the nose.
If you have pain over the eyes.
If your sense of smell is impaired.
If you are liable to recurring colds.
If you suffer from difficulty of hearing.
If your head feels "stuffy" and confused.
If your nostrils are clogged or "running."
If you suffer from strange "head noises."
If phlegm drops into the back of your throat.
If your mouth and throat are dry and painful.
If your breath is "bad" and your mouth "dirty,"

of it you have a dry, hot skin, and alternate fits of heat and cold, you are almost certainly suffering from Catarrh.

Doctors now realise that Catarrh is dangerous. It not only causes much suffering and distress, but it has a high rate of mortality, because the slimy and poisonous mucus flows downwards (especially during sleep) into the stomach, intestines and other organs, causing Malnutrition, Debility, and a Catarrhal condition of the whole inner man that lowers resisting power to disease, and leads to such deadly ailments as Gastric Catarrh, Intestinal Catarrh, and even Consumption itself.

If you are in the grip of Catarrh don't delay, but write to me to-day for a

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OF THE "SHIRLEY SYSTEM"

and see how soon it will save you from the miseries and risks of Catarrh in all its forms, including Catarrhal Deafness and Gastric Catarrh.

It will bring you relief from the very first. The stuffed up passages get clear, easy nasal breathing follows, head noises disappear. Headaches, too, become things of the past, and your whole system is completely cleared of the poisonous and slimy mucus. It will lift the Crushing Burden of Catarrh from your shoulders like magic.

Just send me your name and address TO-DAY (a postcard will do) for a 10 Days' Free Trial of my "Shirley System." No matter how often you have been disappointed before or how long you have suffered, don't despair until you have tried my wonderful Treatment. Address: Elmer Shirley, 35, Gray's Inn Road (C.759), London, W.C.1.

(Personal consultations by appointment, 9 to 4 o'clock daily except Saturdays.)

"Shirley System Has Done Wonders!"
Permanent Catarrh-Deafness Cure.

Mr. W. H. PHILPOT.

Mr. W. H. Philpot, 69, Broad Street, Barry, Cardiff, writes:—"When I sent for the 'Shirley System' I had suffered from Catarrh and Deafness for 12 months. In a month the Catarrh was quite cured, nasal passages were free again, the head-noises has ceased and hearing was restored. This was six months ago. There has been no return of any of the symptoms and I am still enjoying perfect health. The 'Shirley System' has done wonders for me. Indeed, it did everything you said it would do."—September 26th, 1928.

Catarrh, Deafness, Noises, etc.
Permanently Cured in 7 Days!

Mrs. D. BRABBING.

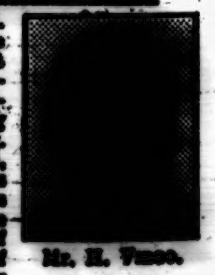
Mrs. D. Brabbing, Jnr., 26, Charlesworth Avenue, Gt. Lever, Bolton, writes:—"As a result of 3 years' Chronic Catarrh I went gradually Deaf and contracted Noises in the head. Three months ago I sent for the 'Shirley System,' and I had only been using it 7 days when I could hear quite well again! The Catarrh was also cured and I could breathe freely again. I think this is a wonderful cure. There is no doubt at all that the 'Shirley System' is a great discovery, because it brings such speedy relief to those who cannot breathe."—September 26th, 1928.

Catarrh Cured after Six Years.
"Shirley System" Second to None!

MR. FRANK HORLER.

Mr. Frank Horler, 2A, Odessa Road, Harlesden, London, N.W.10, Certified Masseur, writes:—"How delighted I am with the 'Shirley System.' After having Catarrh for 6 years I am completely cured. The treatment instantly gave great relief. Now all dropping of mucus into the throat, etc., has gone. I can breathe through the nose at night and I sleep much better than I have for years. Smell was destroyed and I had been hard of hearing for a year. The 'Shirley System' is second to none as a real Catarrh Cure."—September 18th, 1928.

3 Years' Catarrh Sufferer.
Permanent Cure 7 Months Ago.



Mr. H. VIRGO.

Mr. H. Virgo, 28A, Grenfell Street, E. Greenwich, S.E.10, writes:—"The 'Shirley System' is a permanent cure for chronic Catarrh; it completely cured me 7 months ago after suffering 3 years. I was always catching colds, sneezing, coughing and hawking. Headaches, shortness of breath, husky voice, occasional giddy bouts were all troublesome. My cure was marvellous because I work three shifts and could not treat myself regularly. Yet I have been clear of all trouble ever since. The 'Shirley System' is, I am sure, the best cure for Catarrh."—September 17th, 1928.

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